



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE
MUSE,

AND

OTHER ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.

IN THREE DISTINCT PARTS.

PART 1. MISCELLANEOUS.

PART 2. SERIOUS.

LONDON:

A. H. MOORE, 46, PATERNOSTER ROW.

WHITBY:

W. FORTH, FLOWERSGATE.

1837.

PRICE 2s. 6d.

UC-NRLF



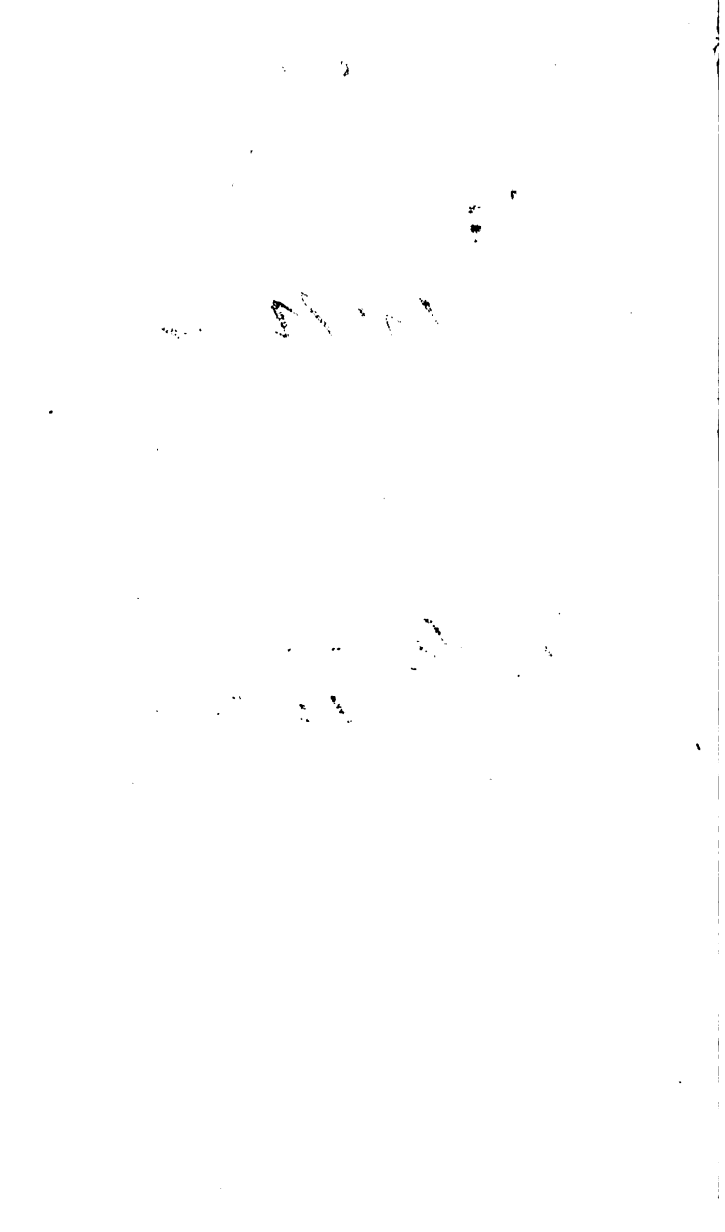
\$B 255 833

6 / d

643

Deoria





THE MUSE,

AND OTHER

ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.

"My motto's LOVE AND HARMONY."

THE MUSE, p. 3.

LONDON:

R. H. MOORE, 44, PATERNOSTER ROW

WHITBY:

W. FORTH, FLOWERGATE.

1837.

LOAN STACK

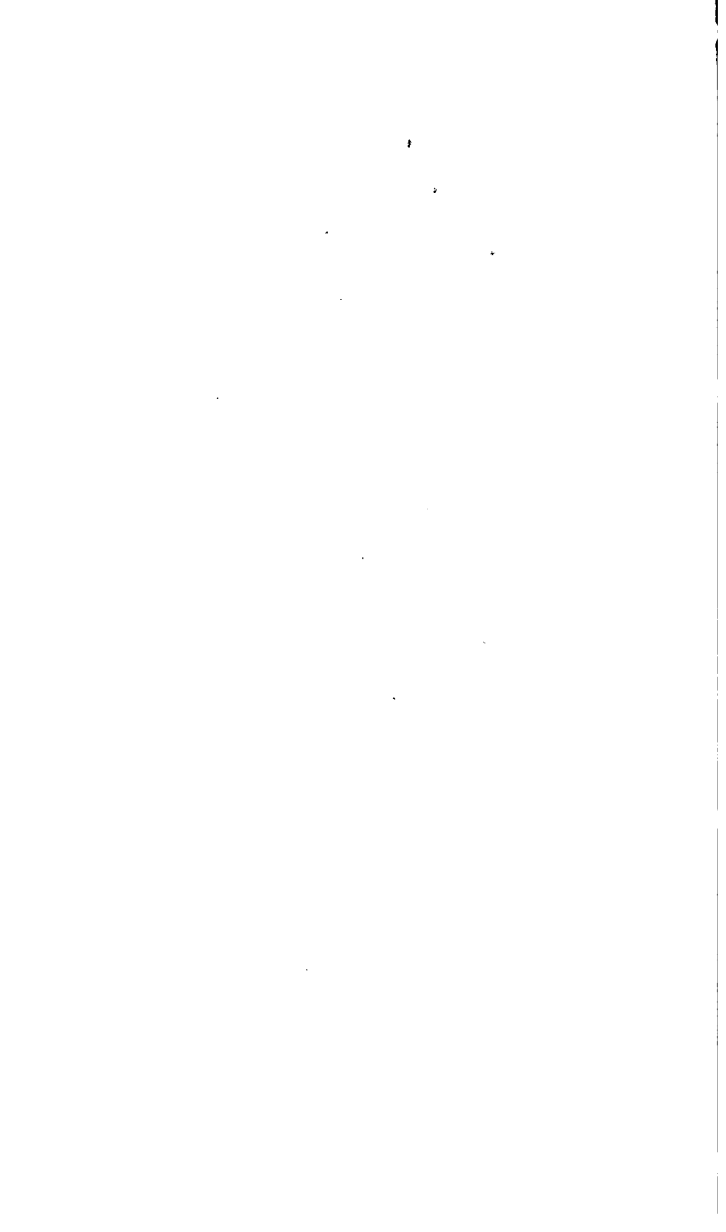
[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

W. FORTH,
Flowergate, Whitby.

PR 5226
R7 M8

DEDICATORY SONNET.

To thee, whose fascinating look
Shall cast its radiance o'er this book,
 Illuminating every page;
Whose animating tongue can give
My numbers breath, and make them live,
 Like Homer's, to the latest age;
To thee I dedicate my lays,
Which court thy sweet, approving smile,
That would my every care beguile,
 For thy esteem can give me bays.
Each reader, and e'en thou, wilt wonder
Whose patronage my work is under,
And I shall often see them pozed,
Until the secret is disclosed.



PREFACE.

I must confess that writing a Preface is to me rather an irksome task; for forms, ceremonies, and prefatory matter, even in the best of authors, have always impressed me with the idea of their "having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things," which makes me afraid of my Preface casting such a gigantic shadow as is sometimes seen preceding other works; and perhaps it may not be without reason that I am afraid of the shadows created by my own imagination. But to say, let me come to the point at once, without any further Preface, would be a solecism; therefore let me say a little about the work which I am now presenting to the public.

I have frequently been solicited to publish, but scarcely ever was worse provided than at the time of acceding to these solicitations. It has been my practice to destroy my productions when they accumulated, without taking any copies, with the exception of those given to my

friends who requested them. Had I kept a Scrap Book, it would have secured almost a tome of manuscripts, comprising almost every variety of subject and measure, amongst which, in my opinion, there were many Pieces superior to several in this work. This observation may appear similar to one sometimes used by anglers, who, upon producing their fry, tell how many, much larger and finer fish, they lost off the hook, than any they have caught; however, this must be left to the opinion and judgment of those who have seen the pieces alluded to.

Part of this work, the greatest portion of the serious part, was composed amongst my pupils for them to write as pieces; others were written for the adults, and gleaned out of the possession of both senior and junior classes; there are several recollected fragments, and some composed for the occasion; those which have signatures were composed as themes, by pupils in my school.

In the plot of the Bard of Streanshalh, no regard is paid to the entailment which was once upon the Domain's Estate in Fylingdales, and which then precluded a daughter or any female from being heiress thereto; there would be a time, previous to the entailment, when an heiress could inherit the Estate, my tale is founded then.

The name of De Bruce might have been introduced in the ballad of Danby Castle, but as there is some obscurity as to who was the founder, I preferred pure fiction, as in the Bard of Streanshalh.

In avowing the very humble opinion which I have of myself and my works, I supersede those who may have the same opinion; the good-natured perusal and indulgence of candid readers will be duly appreciated; malevolent criticism will be treated as it deserves. Where there is any deviation from the rules given by the Muse (that poem being intended as a separate one), it must be remembered that precepts and professions are generally better given than followed by example; and perhaps the Muse in finding fault with her votaries may include none more than the Author, although what was professed in the Prospectus, that the miscellaneous pieces tend entirely to innocence and virtue, will be found correct.

Sundry avocations, interruptions, and hindrances, and my having laboured under the prevalent and general indisposition during the winter, prevented the work from being completed as it otherwise might have been.

If any plagiaries are found, they have crept in unawares, and are unintentional.

It is natural for all authors, particularly those who write in verse, to wish to be esteemed; and rather be accounted poor, as often has been the case, than to be thought poor poets; although since my mental eyes were first opened until now, Apollo has never shone upon me in a particularly auspicious manner, yet I still hope to see him look down upon me with benignant smiles from his zenith.

In preparing this homely, but I trust chaste volume, I had an idea of giving it the title of the Whitby Muse, but my not recovering many pieces connected with the local interests of the town, and the consideration that the work might not have sufficient claim to that title, prevented me from so doing; but if some of those highly literary, and greatly talented individuals resident in Whitby and its immediate vicinity, would realize the title of the Whitby Muse, we should see

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene."

I fear that what I have written,—not for my own amusement, nor to please my own fancy,—but to please others, will fail to do so; yet as my wish and intention have been to offend none but to suit all, I hope that my readers will give me credit so far, and excuse my errors, as I shall forgive any animadversions by which I may be assailed, for

"To err is human,—to forgive, divine."

That we may all meet in that state of being which is exempt from errors, through the Divine Attribute of forgiveness, is the prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

WHITBY, APRIL, 1837.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Muse	- 1
Poetical Epistle on the Preceding Subject, addressed to a Pupil	- 11
Pieces on the Alphabet and Figures	- 12
On the Pen	- 13
Fragments of a Poem on the Seven Liberal Sciences	- 14
On Painting	- 16
Wisdom, an Alliterative Acrostic	- 17
Learning, an Inverted Acrostic	- ib
My Pupils	- ib
An Acrostic	- 18
Our Brave British Tars	- 19
Hail, Free Native Land!	- 20
Mariners	- 21
Fishermen	- ib
Toast	- 22
The Origin of Love	- ib
Virtuous Women	- 25
True Love	- ib
Myra	- 26
The Bard of Streanslallh	- 27
A Poetical Letter on Smiles	- 44
Courtship	- 45
Love, composed for a Young Lady	- 46
Lines for a Watch-piece	- ib
The Kiss	- 47
Farewell	- ib
Air---O'er the Moor	- ib

	Page
Air--Breathe, fair Winds	- 48
Whitby and Bay Sailors	- ib
Whitby Regatta	- 49
Pink or Blue, or Blue and Pink	- ib
The Election	- 51
On the Opening of the Whitby New Bridge	- 53
Whitby and Pickering Railway	- ib
Thomason's Foss	- 54
The Lions of Whitby	- 55
Scarborough	- 56
Sweet Girls	- 57
Lass of my Love	- ib
Epigram	- 59
Something New	- ib
About, about	- 60
Myself and my Matcs	- 61
My Dog	- 65
Danby Castle	- 66
Verses to a Friend (once a Pupil), on his Marriage	- 69
Song---Most excellent Spirits	- 70
Song---in the Yorkshire Dialect	- 71
A Dialogue	- 72
New Cad Lang Syne	- 74
A Rebus	- 75
An Enigma	- ib
Another	- 76
Another	- ib

THE MUSE.

On one of Thought's aerial flights,
Amongst ideal scenes and heights,
 Seeking the Muse's aid ;
Amidst imagination's throng,
Appeared the charming queen of song,
 Ethereally arrayed.
Her beautious face beam'd like elysian skies,
 Heaven's purest lustre, loveliest blue,
Irradiate shone in her expressive eyes ;
Bright as Aurora's locks her tresses flow'd,
 And every charm that love could wish to view
Adorned her form and in her features glow'd ;
Laurel, enwreath'd with amaranth, she wore,
And the sweet lyre her rosy fingers bore ;
The Virtues in her loveliness combin'd,
The beautious vision show'd the heaven-born mind ;
Genius and taste her graceful steps attended,
Her looks and gestures, voice and lyre, all blended,
Joining such sweetness, pathos, softness, height,
As fill'd each sense with rapturous delight.
So shone the Muse—all intellectual fire—
And thus she sung, in concert with her lyre.

Unnumber'd votaries homage pay
 To me—and offer up their praise ;
 Many pretend to feel my sway,
 And feign that I inspire their lays,
 And falsely publish, in my name,
 Lays only fit to feed the flame.
 Ambitious would-be bards, who aim
 To write for favour, wealth, or fame,
 I ne'er inspire their brains.
 Those who neglect their duties, too,
 Whilst writing what they ought to do,
 Who thus condemn themselves in rhyme,
 And scrawl away their precious time,
 Their labour pays their pains.

Enthusiastic flattering song
 Is, though disinterested, wrong ;
 The sycophant's smooth verse—
 The satirist—both keen and vile,
 Low comedy—not worth a smile—
 These waste time to rehearse.
 Candid and feeling are my bards,
 And each all vanity discards.

Themes which, insinuating, move,
 Refined and pleasing in their guise,
 Tempting the soul to impure love,
 The subtlest poison in them lies ;
 Although the words give no offence,
 The guilty meaning's void of sense ;
 Such may be deem'd fine poetry,
 But never was inspir'd by me.

And those whose theme is drinking wine,
Who sing intoxicating pleasures,
Such sottish lays are non of mine—
I hate them in their smoothest measures ;
All who my inspirations taste,
Are sober, temperate, and chaste.

All party spirit I disown,
Sects, politics, are nought to me,
Prejudice is alike unknown,
My motto's LOVE AND HARMONY ;
Whilst liberty, free from abuse—
Honour and right which need no laws—
Are mine; and all my lays conduce
To virtue and religion's cause.

Dire, murd'rous war I never sing—
To peace I tune my voice and string ;
Affected art I cannot bear,
Hackney'd mythology I scorn ;
With rhyme too, I am often tired—
Poets should breathe the purest air.
A poet is a genius born,
Refined by taste, by me inspired.
Those whose ideas and numbers flow
And harmonize like music's strains—
Inspiring pleasure, soothing woe,
Shining thro' life's opacity,
And shewing heaven's cerulian plains,—
Such are the songs of poetry.

If a poetic vein be yours,
Indulge it in your leisure hours,

Finish your business first ;
While you are busy never thirst
For intellectual thoughts.
The muse and business never suit,
They always spoil each other's fruit
As noise does music's notes.

The rules of art and science, verse
Best fixes on the youthful mind ;
Then let it flow both sweet and terse,
And not too rigidly confin'd.
Lose not the sense while seeking metre,
And follow nature more than art ;
Let virtue shine in every feature,
Inflict on vice the keenest smart.
Personal satire never use,
Nor with lampoons a foe abuse ;
With judgement, wit and fancy curb,
Nor let their sallies peace disturb ;
When with a subject you are most impress'd,
Write—for your poetry will then be best,
Your stile and subject always should agree,
And flow with nature's sweet simplicity.

The stile and rhyme are best when accidental,
Yet mark each word's synonymies ;
Be quite refin'd—yet not too sentimental,
Though you have beauty, grace, and ease ;
Yet still your sense, though good, may be like Iris—
Beautiful but unsubstantial ;
Fine fire-works do not shew how useful fire is—
Poets, be not over fanciful.

If you would use a humourous vein,
Let harmless mirth beguile,
And cause the cheerful smile;
And always use a loyal strain.
Whatever you would write upon,
Bid each wrong motive first begone;
And if a friend point out an error,
Be grateful—willing to be taught;
Hold up your works to truth's bright mirror,
And never wink at any fault.

The understanding should be kept serene,
And in the highest cultivation;
Order should render each poetic scene
Like nature's at her first creation;
For when the mind's confused, 'tis useless toil
Trying to write amidst the dire turmoil.

Poets, employ your talents well,
'Midst scenes of love and innocence—
From every flower draw honey thence,
Be like the bees—fill up each cell.
The careless steps of youth attend,
Teach them to act consistently;
Nor ever in the least offend
The blushing maiden modesty.

Imbue their minds with virtuous themes,
Ennoble them with purest love,
Awake them from fictitious dreams,
And all false notions disapprove;
Restrain the passions, curb the will,
And equanimity instil.

Through virtue's paths and honour's bowers
Lead them to gather love's sweet flowers ;
So may their future lives be spent
In blest connubial content.

Or let it be your theme to trace
The scenery of some favourite spot—
To picture the dear native place,
Be it a mansion or a cot.
Of nature's beauteous works to sing,
In chorus with the feather'd choir,
At morn or eve—in flowery spring—
Or when autumnal tints attire
The trees and hedges—whilst the skies
Glow with such rich and varied dyes.

The pealing thunder rolling main,
And even winter's brumal reign,
Strange circumstances—grief and pain,
Sometimes form subjects for the muse,
And pity oft her page bedews.
All with poetic eyes she sees,
Each varied landscape—skies and seas,
To her poetic all appears,
And sounds poetic in her ears.
Enwapt in her imaginings,
Fraught with exquisite feelings,
She soars above sublunary things
'Midst holy high revealings—
Expatriates on all around ;
And, gazing 'midst the high sublime,
Marks epochs and the reign of time ;

Skims o'er immensity's unfathomable sea,
Or, fill'd with faith and hope, describes eternity.

But, bards, forbear ye to engage
To tamper with the sacred page,
 The Holy Spirit breath'd its lays;
The BIBLE's far above all other themes,
Far as the heaven of heaven's above the earth,
 The only way to heaven displays,
And life eternal;—bliss and glory beams
On all who have experienced the new birth.
Like as the sun outshines all other spheres,
Before its doctrines all else disappears;
 This Book your faith, hope, duties, all contains,
And every case and circumstance it holds;
 It opens heaven—and shews where torment reigns,
And time and e'en eternity unfolds,
To every reader who believes
The sacred volume, and receives
 It from the Lord;
Sublimity and beauty shine,
And grace and truth in every line,
'Tis perfect, sacred, blessed, all divine,
 'Tis God's own word!

Should you describe some shining character,
 The good example too imbibe;
And shewing one, your pen and practice stir,
 Like Ezra—Israel's zealous scribe;
But ere you fellow-mortals eulogize,
 First let your ever heartfelt raptur'd words
In sacred strains of praise to Him arise—
 Who is the King of kings and Lord of lords.

Let themes religious edify,
Which teach men how to live and die,
And shew mankind what they should do;
That God in whom all creatures live and move,
And have their very being too,
Should have their utmost service—boundless love;
That they to him should be entirely given,
And have good will to all below,
With disinterested friendship's flow—
And pure, disinterested hopes of heaven;
Through Jesu's love and stedfast faith in Him,
Who is the saints' and angels' rapturous theme.
As skylarks soar and sing, as eagles gaze,
Thus let your heaven-directed lives and lays
Combine your neighbour's good, and great Creator's
praise.

No more let spurious subjects be
Basely attributed to me,
Whilst you who hail me child of heaven,
And sister to the immortal throng,
Seek you the spirit of their song,
And its effusions shall be given;
Which from your hearts as well as pens shall flow,
And every line with sacred truth shall glow.

Since metre is the modern road,
Pursued in general by each bard,
Though sometimes found a tiresome mode,
By which their verse is often marr'd—
I use it too, to suit the times,
And catch the ear with jingling rhimes.

THE MUSE.

To catch the ear, and win the heart,
This is the motive of my theme,
That each may act a virtuous part,
And always be just what they seem;
Then envy not the poet's song,
For those who write much oft get wrong;
Mortals, the path of duty lies before ye,
And faith's the guide to heavenly bliss and glory.

Ye favour'd bards, with classic lore
And each acquirement richly stored,
Whose well-fill'd heads are running o'er,
Whose numbers oft have sweetly pour'd ;—
Authors, whose talents tenfold are,
The criticising sneer forbear—
When humbler poets try,
Forbear, ye critics, to deride,
Shall they their humbler talents hide ?
Must they inglorious die ?
Where much is lent, the more you owe,
Shine on—and let your brethren too;
Where you see faults, shew to themselves as brothers,
But ne'er find fault with any one to others;
And let humility and charity appear—
Which form the noblest wreath that any one can wear.

Patrons of those who wield the pen,
Impartially decide,
And never let the estates of men
Their faults or merits hide ;
But give the Muse her due,

She asks your patronage for them
Who write an unaffected theme,
And hope to find true friends in you.

Thus sung the Muse at intervals, and taught
The rules of poesy in her lays,
And pointed out those whom she sways;
With rapture listen'd her admirer Thought.
Where'er she mov'd all nature bloom'd—
And seem'd a paradise again;
The sun with clearer rays illum'd,
Whilst Thought responded every strain.

POETIC EPISTLE ON THE PRECEDING SUBJECT.

ADDRESSED TO A PUPIL.

To write in either prose or verse—the mind
By nature to the task should be design'd ;
A natural taste and genius to excel,
Should be well cultivated to write well.
Study your subject well ere you begin,
Your temper too, and humour you are in ;
For, as in music—so in poetry,
All must accord—to make sweet harmony ;
Yet oft—too oft imaginary flights
Are lost in clouds, and truth's hid from our sights ;
But like the sun, the light of truth pervades
The clouds of error, and dispels its shades ;
Let this—with every other falsehood die,
Which says that poets are allow'd to lie ;
For sacred truth in verse or prose should shine,
And stamp sublime on every candid line ;
But times—things—circumstances—oft affect
And baffle reason—till it can't direct ;
Opinion—prejudice—the passions blind,
And make mankind unstable as the wind.
As there are far more leaves than fruit, 'tis so
With leaves of composition—critics know ;
With this let every writer be impress'd,
It is not writing most—but writing best.

But when a natural genius courts the muse,
 And cultivates the talent to good use—
 And every thing felicitous uniting,
 Then—then, my friend, 's the proper time for writing ;
 But ne'er neglect your duties to attend—
 Before you court the muse, your business end.
 My friend, may your ideas be fresh, fine, and smiling,
 And sweet as the beautiful landscape of Fyling ;
 But never solicit the muse when unwilling—
 O may her inspirings be various and choice,
 And fall like the dew, from the heavens distilling ;
 Truth be your director, and heaven your protector,
 And then your preceptor will greatly rejoice.

Whitby, August 31st, 1835.

PIECES ON THE ALPHABET AND FIGURES,*

EACH OF WHICH CONTAINS THE ALPHABET.

The Alphabet and Figures comprehend
 All that has been composed or can be penn'd ;
 Whatever has been yet or can be known,
 All either is or may be by them shewn.
 But only mark these stanzas—they include
 Trisection—Quadrature—and Longitude ;
 For their arrangement th' art of all things joins,
 Taught in one lesson here in these few lines ;
 Examine, them, and con this lesson e'er—
 Apply it well, and you need learn no more.

* The various combinations into which the twenty-four letters of the Alphabet may be arranged, amount to 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 ; and the different combinations which the digits admit of being arranged into, are 362,880.

O'er these quaint stanzas who just gives a look,
May find each word express'd in every book.

Th' Almighty gave the alphabet to men
In the commandments* and their number ten.
With zeal acquire a knowledge of God's law,
Jesus express'd all we should know and do.

The question's soon explain'd—have any yet
Wrote ought but figures and their alphabet ?
In these few stanzas—pray just read them over—
Th' editions of their works you may discover.

Just look o'er these stanzas, for I have miss'd nought
That Homer, or Virgil, or any one wrote ;
These couplets express every library's store,
Acquired in a minute by reading this o'er.

ON THE PEN.

"The pen of a ready writer."—DAVID.

The pen's most useful to mankind,
It is subservient to the mind ;
For by its means—our thoughts we send
To lover, relative, or friend.
With pens—our seamen, o'er the main,
Write home—and we to them again.
The Scriptures by the pen were wrote ;
Arts—sciences, by pens are taught.

* The author does not state when the Alphabet, &c. were first introduced, he only means that they were contained in the original Decalogue.

On business, and all other things,
 We write; and, by the goose's wings,
 Send and receive from far and near,
 Thus corresponding everywhere.
 Then learn to use this instrument,
 Which you will find most excellent.

FRAGMENTS OF A POEM ON THE SEVEN LIBERAL
 SCIENCES.

"Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars."
 SOLOMON.

* * * * *

If you would mount above the pigmy heights
 And little notions ignorance doth raise,
 Each pointed thought the mathematics form,
 By heat of study, and by dint of thought;
 That you by them through parts abstruse may pierce,
 And subtle disquisitions quickly solve.
 And when your reason has been led thus far
 By science, by its fostering care matur'd,
 Until its wings have strength enough to fly,
 Then wave your pinions to quit this sphere.
 Leave Terra to her moles, and plume your head
 Well with Newtonian Gravity; then soar
 To worlds remote—attracted by the stars—
 To learn their revolutions, and the cause
 Why comets such eccentric orbits take.

* * * * *

There you may wander through the vast concave,
 Till you are lost in wonder and amaze,

As is the comet in infinitude !—
 There you may travel still, and farther still,
 Till life itself shall terminate ; whilst you
 Are rambling through the works of Deity !
 So great the way Astronomy can lead
 The mind of man ; through tracts of universe—
 Each path enamell'd o'er with shining worlds.

Ye youths, who thus improve your golden hours,
 And aim to be accomplished and wise—
 Who on in learning's path thus far have sped,
 For you there still remains a noble part
 Of science, more delightful than the rest,—
 'Tis Music * * * *

O may each youth improve his talents well,
 Who has the golden opportunity.
 Ye who aspire to learning's laureate meeds,
 And wish to store your understandings well,
 Acquire proficiency in Grammar first—
 And let it always guide your tongues and pens ;
 Learn well your native tongue, as Homer did,
 And Virgil, and the other bards who wrote
 Their works with such exactness, that they stand
 As masterpieces yet to copy by.
 Arise, ye youths, and let my muse inspire
 Your dormant minds with studies like to these ;
 Refine your language and improve your tongue—
 With mathematic skill enlarge your minds—
 View nature through, and strive to learn her laws.

* * * *

ON PAINTING.

BY A PUPIL.

"Hail, art sublime! what thanks to thee we owe!"

Genius of painting—most delightful art!
Thy spirit to thy artist sons impart;
Unite the skilful hand and tasteful mind,
Let beauty, grace, and harmony be join'd;
And may more of thy sons, in Whitby born,
Our palaces and galleries adorn.

Hail to the genius of our native son! *
Whose paintings have the palm of honour won;
With loud applause his name we'll often toast,
For who of nobler works of art can boast?
Marine and landscape scenes, rare rich designs,
With harmonizing colours he combines.

Genius possess'd by painters of renown,
Inspire the artists of our native town; †
Like them with matchless skill may they be blest,
Until the features of the face—impress'd
With mellow tint and harmonizing shade,
And truth, upon the canvass are display'd.

Genius of painting, in thy ancient state,
The modern painters lead to imitate,
And study nature in the clearest light—
With honour to attain the loftiest height;
That they may ornament their native land
With splendid works which may for ages stand.

VENTURER.

* Chambers.

† Carter, Cockburn, &c.

WISDOM,

AN ALLITERATIVE ACROSTIC.

Wisdom welcomes whosoever wants,
Immortality itself implants;
Sows serenity—shews seraphic sights,
Deep, delectable, divine delights.
O, Omniscient One! once operate,
Mend my manners—make me meditate.

LEARNING,

AN INVERTED ACROSTIC.

Give attention, for you'll always find
Negligence brings trouble to the mind;
Idleness and mischief chase away—
Never spoil your work with talk and play.
Read with ease and with perspicuity,
Aim to use the pen most dexterously;
Ever be correct in figures—and
Love all Learning's rules to understand.

MY PUPILS.

You think it hard, when easy, to obey,
But when you toil and sweat so much in play—
You never tire of toiling your own way,
My Pupils.

If tasks as play—if play as work was thought,
Then work with ease and pleasure would be wrought;
'Tis easy—only think so—to be taught,
My Pupils.

Thoughts of difficulties our efforts kill,
 But all gives way before a hearty will,
 Still be it yours—your duty to fulfil,
My Pupils.

AN ACROSTIC,

MRS. CHOLMLEY, WHITBY ABBEY, AND INITIALS.

COMPOSED FOR, AND PRESENTED BY A PUPIL, TAUGHT AT THE
 ABOVE LADY'S EXPENSE.

AS A TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE.

My Muse surveys the Abbey's present state—
 Reviews its grandeur at its ancient date,
 St. Hilda there (this town it was not then)
 Consigned her Nuns for life—renouncing men;
 Her Convent's not—but in its place we own
 Our general friends, and patrons of this town;—
 Lo! Patriot, Hero, Christian, wreath the name.
 My gratitude would celebrate the same.
 Large is your bounty—your's also shall be
 Endless reward for genuine charity;
 Youths sent to school—the townsfolk clothed and fed,
 What blessings on the town your hands have shed!
 How generously you pour'd your bounty down,
 In time of need—when Cholera smote the town;
 The means you used to alleviate the ill,
 By all the town should be remember'd still;
 Youths shall relate these things when they are old,
 As others of your ancestors have told.
 Bless'd is the act of giving, it is said
 By Christ;—may he pour blessings on your head!
 Each good deed done thus with a single eye,
 Your treasure shall increase in realms on high;
 Join all the pompous piles and pageants here,
 As dust to Charity—in God's sight they appear.

OUR BRAVE BRITISH TARS.

Champions of Great Britain and ocean ! brave tars !
Ye offspring of valour, so mighty in wars,
Promoters of friendship and commerce !

Our mariners traverse the ocean,
And trade to all parts of the world ;
Often toss'd 'midst the tempest's commotion,
Tried during the hottest of wars—
Or wherever their flag is unfurl'd,
Who can equal our brave British tars ?

CHORUS.

Used to dangers, storms, hardships, and wars,
None can equal our brave British tars.

The freedom Great Britain inherits—
Its dear independence—we owe
To our seamen's invincible spirits ;
Its luxuries—the grandeur it wears—
E'en our country—our Sovereign too,
We owe these to our brave British tars.

Our empire—its might and its glory—
Its conquests, peace, safety, and name,
And all in its famed naval story—
Our brave seamen's lives, limbs, and deep scars,
Or their aid, won Old England its fame
As achiev'd by our brave British tars.

The instruments chosen by heaven,
To save us from slav'ry and woe ;
Then to heaven and to them thanks be given,
Whilst their flag streams its glories afar,
And the loyalest principles flow
From the heart of each brave British tar.

On board of fine vessels—fast-sailing—
Home-bound—is our seamen's delight;
But their strength and fine trim's unavailing,
When upon a lee-shore death appears;
Or some rock, sand, or dark stormy night,
Seals the fate of our brave British tars.

With friendship and love overflowing,
Their hearts, like the compass, are true;
When the sea's high, and wind's loudly blowing,
And bright Beauty's far off like the stars;
Still its light in their mind's eye they view,
While the fair love our brave British tars.

Around our dominions they hover,
Our guardians who keep off our foes;
And chastise each marauding rover—
Or our friendship the world thro' them shares;
They're the lords of the ocean, whose laws
Are upheld by our brave British tars.

Success to our navy renowned,
The same may our coal-traders meet;
With success may our fish'ries be crowned,
Sobriety add to their shares;
And may God speed each vessel and fleet,
And protect all our brave British tars.

HAIL, FREE NATIVE LAND!

Hail, free native land of the beauteous and brave,
Which Heaven with its navy combined to save
From lawless invaders—from Europe's dire foe,
When all the world else was o'erwhelmed in woe.

Braver soldiers and sailors the world ne'er gave birth,
A more useful peasantry ne'er till'd the earth;
Its mechanics and artists—ingenious and skill'd—
With arts and inventions all countries have fill'd.

The birth-place of genius—renown'd in each part,
Highly favour'd by Heaven, by nature and art;
Peace, plenty, and liberty, here may they reign,
And Britannia be always the queen of the main.

MARINERS.

How soon a cloudy sky puts on
A suit of fine ethereal blue;
The winds and waves are hush'd—anon
They change, to make poor sailors rue.

Hardy fishermen and sailors,
O'er the ocean used to roam;
Men whose hearts are never failers,
Compass-like in storm or calm.

Dismal nights and dreadful weather—
All the perils of the waves
Mariners endure together,
Often plung'd in watery graves.

FISHERMEN.

Our fishermen boldly skim over the flood;
Besides being wholesome—Lent hallows their food.
Heaven bless'd and partook of poor fishermen's fare—
Oft making their little enough and to spare.

TOAST.

Success to each honest industrious trade,
And may every one pay as they wish to be paid ;
May peace by each hearth—thro' each realm ever dwell,
And every-one every-where always do well.

THE ORIGIN OF LOVE, OR THE NUPTIALS OF THE FIRST PAIR.

When Eden bloom'd and man was young,
From man then lovely woman sprung ;
As he in sweet repose was laid,
Dreaming beneath the spicy shade—
Of love and pleasure then unknown—
Of her who soon should be his own.
From blissful dreams to real'ties
He woke ; when full before his eyes
There stood the first fair beauteous maid,
In all the charms of love array'd.
He saw her with enraptur'd gaze,
In silent wonder and amaze ;
Her timid glance and radiant eyes
Begun in him love's extacies.
In her he saw each charm combine,
All lovely from the hand Divine ;
Whilst equal love began to heave
The bosom of our mother Eve.
She saw majestic dignity,
And all that love could satisfy,
In Adam shine conspicuously.
Their heavenly Sire then bless'd the pair,
And man in raptures view'd his fair ;

And in a language, now unknown,
He call'd her Woman—Eve—his own.
Through Eden's groves when man first stray'd,
And wept for joy that he was made,
Fair was the new-created morn—
But Adam, mateless, was forlorn;
This want his God deign'd to retrieve,
And crown'd his blessings with his Eve.
Then Sol look'd down with brighter ray
Upon their natal nuptial day;
And finer colours did invest
The golden day in gladness drest.
Each sweet unfading floweret grew
With sweeter odour—richer hue;
And sweets ambrosial breath'd around,
Whilst God and angels trod the ground.
The feather'd choir responsive sung,
Their golden harps each seraph strung
To tune—to love and Eve the spring—
Each vocal lay, each dulcet string.
Then did the happy pair proceed
Through the enamell'd smiling mead,
With joyous pleasure for to stray
Throughout the blissful nuptial day,
Where every beauteous floweret grew—
Besprinkled with ambrosial dew.
No rain nor clouds obscur'd the skies,
Refreshing mists were made to rise;
Balsamic exhalations rare,
Concocted with the subtle air,
Thence falling, fertilized the earth—
Whilst Sol brought all things into birth.

There wav'd each pleasing fruitful tree—
One yielded immortality.

There grew the fatal tree which gave
The fruits of sin, death, and the grave;
There lambs and lions sportive play'd,
And doves with mighty eagles stray'd;
Or perch'd amidst the cedars' shade.
They saw where chrystal waters roll'd
O'er beds of gems and sands of gold,
Whilst rills or gentle fountains fell
'Midst myrtle, rose, and asphodel.

* * * * *

When thee I touch—or meet thy eyes,
What strange sensations then arise;
Say, lovely Eve, what can it be
That thrilling beats and flows in me,
Absorbs each sense—fills my mind,
And round my heart and soul's entwin'd?
Eve soft replied, the same I feel,
Through me the same emotions steal;
A palpitating extacy
I feel, when thee I touch or see.
When from the hand Divine I came,
The angels sung a pleasing name;
The name was Love—this is the thing
Which doth within our bosoms spring.

* * * * *

But our first parents' fatal fall
Ruin'd the world—and blasted all.
Then thunder first began to roll,
And shook the earth to either pole;
Wild tempests blew, and oceans roar'd,
Hail, snow, and rain impetuous pour'd;

Volcanoes—hurricanes began,
 Earthquakes—and floods deluging ran;
 Wild beasts began to thirst for gore,
 And lions play'd with lambs no more;
 The cruel eagle slew the dove,
 And sinful strife oft banish'd love.
 Now—man puts on hypocrisy,
 Woman oft acts with coquetry;
 Oft these lack modesty at heart,
 And those oft act a brutal part.
 Yes—man oft glories in his shame,
 Worse than the brutes, he stains his name.

Lovers, be constant in your loves,
 Be pure and faithful as the doves,
 Then paradise shall bloom and bear—
 If you but love like the first pair;
 Then Eden's joys shall you attend,
 And love begun shall never end.

VIRTUOUS WOMEN,

AN IMPROMPTU.

King Solomon—lost 'midst variety,
 Ne'er found one* Woman's heart beat virtuously;
 Divided 'mongst the sex, how could he prove
 The bliss of one true undivided love?
 Yet drew the virtuous woman's character,†
 And tho' he found them not, prov'd that they were.

TRUE LOVE.

"Love conquers all, and we must yield to love." VIRGIL.

Is there ought else so sweet as love?

No—'tis the sweetest bliss above;

* Eccl. vii. 28. † Proverbs.

The sweetest joy beneath the sun,
When you are no more twain—but one.

When both are always of one mind,
With hearts and hands for ever join'd,
Embracing 'midst prosperity—
Still closer in adversity.

Love is the solace of us all—
Of every creature, great and small;
But 'tis supreme in human kind,
It warms, dilates, and cheers the mind.

True love, enthron'd amidst the heart,
Reigns o'er the brain and every part;
And souls, as well as bodies, prove
Their union seal'd by mutual love.

Fair youths and maidens, then, beware
Of fancy's bait and passion's snare;
While these catch the unwise, may ye
Discern true love's sweet sympathy.

MYRA.

Through thee, fair nature, I will stray,
And liberty shall lead the way;
For what so beautiful as thee,
Or what so sweet as liberty?
Yes, Myra is as sweet and fair,
Beauty and virtue centre there;
And she shall wander by my side,
And innocence shall be our guide.

THE BARD OF STREANSHALH.

AN ANCIENT TALE IN A MODERN DRESS.

“ Love tunes the shepherd’s reed ;
In war, he mounts the warrior’s steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love. ”
SCOTT.

The Abbey in its pristine pride
And all its glory stood ;
The towers of Streanshalh’s holy pile
Were seen far o’er the rolling tide—
O’er distant heath and wood ;
Whilst through each hallow’d echoing aisle
Its fair devoted inmates mov’d,
One maiden sigh’d for him she lov’d—
Sigh’d for brave Northur, who had fallen
In battle as he nobly fought ;
For him her eyes with tears were swollen—
For him her heart with grief was fraught.

The fair Matilda with each charm
And virtue was adorn'd,
Heiress of Fyling's fair domains ;—
Son of a peasant on a farm
Was he for whom she mourn'd,
The comeliest of her father's swains.
A numerous train of suitors came
Of high degree—each own'd his flame ;
But o'er the virgin's heart soft stealing,
The form of Northur pleas'd alone—
And he to her his love revealing,
They kept their love awhile unknown.

How one so bashful as he was
Should tell to her his love,
Or get an opportunity,
This was the way it came to pass ;—
One night, at Mill-beck Cove,
A sea-king from across the sea
Landed his armed plundering crew ;
And ere the Fyling trainband knew,
They Fylinghall o'ercame and plunder'd—
The fair Matilda prisoner made ;
And from her parents, shrieking, sunder'd ;
But Northur chanc'd to be her aid.

In passing by, he saw them bear
Their spoil and her away ;
Swift, like the lightning's flash, he flew,
And rous'd some peasants who liv'd near ;
Then hurrying to the bay,
They on the foe their weapons drew.

Fierce was the fight upon the sand,
Northur, the head of the trainband,
With powerful vigour laid them bleeding—
Their captain slew and several more,
The rest embark'd ;—the victors, leading
Beauteous Matilda, left the the shore.

When to her parents' arms restor'd,
Their grief to joy gave place ;
They thank'd the youth in grateful strain,
Nor guess'd that he the maid ador'd,
Nor in her blushing face
Saw that their daughter lov'd the swain ;
For Northur she had long admired,
Whilst equal love his heart inspired.
But hope sat in their bosoms pining,
Till brighten'd by this circumstance ;
Her father's favour too combining,
To Nurthur gave a better chance.

The swain 'midst his labours would sing,
Whilst driving the plough or the team ;
Or tending his sheep on the ling,
Thus breathing his love-burthen'd theme.

The sun crown's the day's azure skies,
The night's deck'd with many a gem,
And the beautiful maid whom I prize
Is far—far above me, like them.

As sun, moon, and stars shine from heaven,
On all—of whatever degree ;

So shines she?—or is there e'er given
A more favour'd glance unto me ?

Her heaven-beaming eyes mine have met,
When their glance and her looks seem'd to say,
Let hope in thy bosom shine yet—
Like Phosphor preceding the day.

Beguile me not, Hope, nor my thoughts
With fancy's illusions combine ;
For often my bosom retorts—
Ah ! how can she ever be mine ?

Close by the slope of Swallow-head
Old Fyling-hall is seen,
Beside a glen which wood embowers—
(The road then to the high side led)
Around are meadows green,
And through its woods a streamlet pours ;
Here dwelt a wealthy baronet,
And vestiges are met with yet
Which prove his seat was large and splendid.
Matilda was his only child ;
One eve, whilst rambling unattended,
Northur she met—and blushing smil'd.

Their bashful looks and eyes express'd
The meaning of their mind,
Their faltering tongues at last essay'd,
And both their mutual love confess'd.
Whilst Northur's arms were twined
Around the beauteous blushing maid,

She lean'd upon the raptur'd youth ;
They seal'd their vows of love and truth—
Assign'd another time, and parted—
Met oft, till a suspicious maid
Watch'd—told—and all their troubles started,
Thus the fond lovers were betray'd.

Matilda's sire kept close and cool,
Tried stratagems to win
His daughter for a nobler spouse—
Employ'd a menial for his tool ;
Brought several suitors in,
Advising her the best to choose,
But still she turn'd away and sigh'd,
And all these lovers' suits denied.
One day her sire and Northur meeting,
('Twas when crusaders wanted force,)
After the usual mode of greeting,
The baron thus began discourse.

“Northur, to thee a debt I owe,—
The safety of my child ;
Thy dauntless spirit has been tried—
To till these fields will never do,
Thou long enough hast toil'd ;
Then lay thy peasant dress aside,
And I'll equip thee—nobly too,
And, like a baron, thou shalt go
To fields where men reap fame and glory,
And fight—to conquer or to die ;
Such glorious fields arise before thee,
My purse shall serve if thou wilt try.”

The rising glow of martial fire
The baron with delight
Observ'd, whilst Northur answering spoke ;—
“ I'll go, and gratefully aspire
To find grace in your sight.”
They parted, after some more talk.
When Northur had his friends appris'd,
His parents' hearts were agonis'd.
Matilda heard that he was going,
Her bosom felt the poignant smart—
Her tears in secret often flowing,
To think how soon he must depart.

Across the wood—the dell—and stream—
Near where a cot stands now,
With trepid steps the lovers found,
'Neath sombre shade and moonlight beam,
Their parting interview.
Their native place its spells threw round,
With grief the streamlet seem'd to flow,
The sighing breeze seem'd full of woe,
The palid moon look'd sympathising ;
He tried to sooth the maid's despair—
Both felt all love's emotions rising—
Wept—long embrac'd—and parted there !

Within her chamber's still retreat
A scarf Matilda wrought,
Her skill the rich embroidery shew'd,
And the employ was sadly sweet—
With melancholy fraught ;
Amidst the folds this motto glow'd,—

THY COURAGE—SAFETY—VICTORY ;
MATILDA'S LOVE AND CONSTANCY.
The time arriv'd for Northur's sailing—
In plumed helm and shining mail—
From Whitebay ; whilst his friends, bewailing,
Long watch'd the disappearing sail.

With other knights, one who had sued
Long for Matilda, he
Embark'd with Northur to the war ;
With hateful eyes the youth he view'd,
Yet with hypocrisy
Sir Gregory friendly seem'd to appear.
Fair blew the winds—the martial band
Beheld the far-famed Holy Land,
And, disembarking, saw the places
Mentioned in sacred history,
Which each who goes with wonder traces,
And many a one would wish to see.

Each on the land of Scripture gaz'd—
Upon Jerusalem ;
The past and present both arose,
And interesting feelings caus'd,
Unknown before to them.
But Northur midst these scenes would pause,
And then his pensive thoughts would roam
To her he lov'd—to parents—home.
With noble step, in armour shining,
On holy ground he paced along ;
Whilst, sadly with his thoughts combining,
A Jewish maid thus sigh'd her song.

The land once so holy, with foes is now crowded ;
The glory of Israel is gone ;
Our rights are destroy'd, and our freedom lies shrouded,
And sorrow is left us alone ;
Alas! we but live to deplore
That the glory of Israel's no more.

Once each 'neath his fig-tree and vine sat reclining,
The harp through Judea was heard ;
Now we wander insulted—in misery pining,
Our country's polluted and sear'd,
And Christians and Pagans fight o'er
Its ruins ;—its glory's no more.

Still tax'd with the blood of their holy man, Jesus,
Once shed upon Calvary's Hill ;
Like Abel's it cries—Christians say it can ease us,
If we but believe that it will ;
But, oh ! we still live to deplore
That the glory of Israel's no more.

Messiah, come !—then shall thy worship be glorious,
And peace here and plenty abound,
The armies of Israel again be victorious,
And the harp through Judea resound ;
Then we shall no longer deplore,
For thou shalt our glory restore.

But soon the brazen trump was heard,
And call'd them to the fight ;
The Christians' armour brightly shone
The Cross, their ensign, high appear'd,
And Paynim's crescent bright.
The field renowned Richard won,

Northur achiev'd most glorious deeds—
O'erthrew the Pagans and their steeds;
A giant Saracen o'ercoming,
Was knighted on the battle-field;
His rank, Sir Northur, then assuming,
Wore a bright Phoenix on his shield.

A truce ensued—but soon again
The sanguine war began;
The Holy Land, a field of blood,
Was cover'd o'er with heaps of slain—
With gore its furrows ran.
Amidst the embattled heroes, stood
Vengeance; who, with destructive blow,
Laid many a hardy warrior low.
The Christians, all before them driving,
Conquer'd; but brave Sir Northur fell.
Such news in Fylingdales arriving,
Seem'd to his friends his funeral knell.

Matilda heard; then she no more
Her weeping grief repress'd.
The landscape of fair Fylingdales,
Its hills—woods—peaky cliffs—and shore,
Cheer'd not her mournful breast.
To cheer the hopeless, what avails?
She to St. Hilda's would repair,
To end her days and sorrows there;
Time but increas'd her melancholy,
Her health, too, seem'd declining fast;
Her will the baron gave her wholly—
In Streanshalh Abbey she was plac'd.

And there her wounded bosom felt
Religion's healing power,
To heaven it rais'd her virgin soul,
As she ador'd—or humbly knelt,
And gave to God each hour ;
Although her tears would sometimes roll
When Northur's form her mind beheld
Expiring on the blood-stain'd field.
Thus time, its annual course pursuing,
Was winging the third year since she
First heard his fate ;—her tears bedewing,
Sacred to Northur's memory.

One day, a swain across the waste
To Fyling homewards walk'd,
A minstrel join'd him on the moor ;
And as they urg'd ther steps in haste,
They to each other talk'd.
Respecting Fylingdales, the boor
Discours'd, and much of Fyling-hall—
Mention'd the baronet, and all
About his daughter, fair Matilda ;
He told the stranger all her tale—
That in the convent of St. Hilda
She, in two days, would take the veil.

They parted ; for the minstrel's road
Was to the Abbey, where
Minstrels oft call'd—for Abbeys paid,
And gave them oft a night's abode.
The moory wild was drear ;
But as the stranger on survey'd,

The Abbey's towers appear'd anon,
Illumin'd by the evening's sun.
Few farms around were till'd or sown then;
The Abbey and Church stood near Whitebay,
Where Whitby stands—there was no town then,
The tide and river had their way.

At length, 'neath Streanshalh's Abbey walls,
He came—in minstrel's dress
And scallop; soon the gates unclos'd—
The porter, knowing nature's calls,
Brought a refectory mess,
And afterwards his guest reposed.
Next day to hear him they appear'd,
Matilda, too, the minstrel heard;
His voice was sweet, then thrilling—rising,
The wild notes warbled from his tongue,
His theme heroic and surprising,
And thus pathetically he sung.

Whilst Christians with the Pagans warr'd,
And victory's laurel's won,
Within a Moslem prison barr'd,
There sigh'd a peasant's son
Who lov'd a high-born beauteous maid,
And she in him delighting;
By treacherous means he was betray'd,
And not by force of arms—for he,
In Palestina fighting,
Had shar'd the glorious victory.

A rival in the field of love—
Not in the battle-field,
Who sought the lady's heart to move,
And bore a scutcheon'd shield ;
This baronet had found the means,
During a truce with Paynim,
To feign to him behind the scenes,
How that a warrior who had meant
In battle to have slain him,
Still had a treacherous intent.

Beyond the tented field, a shade
Of olives—near a dell,
The traitor urg'd an ambuscade—
His plot was laid too well.
Soon as the war begun again,
He whom the baron hated
Pursued the foe o'er numbers slain ;
The baron join'd to drive them where
The Soldan's soldiers waited.
Rank as the bristles of the bear

Their swords arose around the two
Who daringly pursued,
But they the traitor's watch-word knew—
His rival they subdued,
And took him captive ; but 'twas said
That he was mortally wounded.
The baron who had him betray'd
Reported that he saw him fall
When by the foe surrounded,
But that himself brake through them all.

Befriended by a Pagan, lo !
He brake confinement's chains,
And, as a Moslem, passing through
Fair Palestina's plains,
He took his passage o'er the main—
Was shipwreck'd—put in prison—
Again releas'd—return'd again ;
Return'd again, for now you see,
As from the dead arisen,
Northur and him combin'd in me.

Matilda swoon'd ; the rest, amazed
With wonder, gaz'd on one
Who long had been reported dead ;
The Lady, by the Abbess rais'd,
Her lover saw alone,
And Northur her alone survey'd.
Matilda's father chanc'd to call
Just then, and 'twas amazement all ;
He welcom'd Northur home, now knighted,
And to his daughter gave consent—
That he and her should be united,
They then their way to Fyling bent.

The day was fine—it was in May,
When from Raw-pasture Head,
Fyling burst on the warrior's sight,
Peak cliffs and Robin Hood's fine bay,
With Stoup Brow side display'd ;
Fields, woods, and hills, all gave delight.

Where Thorp now stands, Park-gate, and Raw,
And Fyling-hall, midst trees he saw;
He passed the church, where lay reposing
Those dear to him—amidst his joy
A melancholy sadness causing—
He thought that there he too might lie.

He cross'd the dale, and reach'd his home;
What joy his parents seiz'd!
How they embrac'd their long-lost son!
The news spread round that he was come;
The peasants came, well pleas'd.
The bridal day was fix'd upon;
And preparations being made,
To Streanshalh they a visit paid;
Northur was call'd the Bard of Streanshalh
During their stay, in pleasantry.
Returning rather late at nightfall,
Near East-close Spring, which many see,—

Lo! sudden as the meteor's flare
An armed band rush'd round
The lovers, and held Northur's arms;
Who long with giant struggles tare,
But was o'erpower'd and bound;
They stopp'd the Lady's loud alarms,
And placing both on horseback, bore
Them off into Sir Gregory's power,
Who thus sarcastically stated,—
“Fair Lady, you must be my wife;
By you I've long been underrated,
But now—your hand or lover's life.”

The villain, come from wars, heard tell
Of Northur's coming bliss,
And laid this dire nefarious scheme—
Lady Matilda to impel,
In three days to be his,
Or else her lover's blood would stream.
Northur was in a dungeon kept;
With anxious grief, the Lady wept.
The time expir'd, Sir Gregory frowning,
Saw that her speechless grief meant—no;
She heard her lover's sentence, swooning,
Three minions went to give the blow.

The lovers being miss'd, 'twas guess'd
Sir Gregory was the cause;
Their friends, and Fyling trainband, arm'd,
Went to the baron's seat in quest.
With dread he saw his foes;
The dagger'd villains too, alarm'd,
Turn'd ere they reach'd the dungeon's gloom
Where Northur, chain'd, mused o'er his doom.
Sir Gregory's men were slain and wounded;
He from his mansion, sneaking, stole.
The lost were found;—with joy unbounded,
They then return'd to Fyling-hall.

The nuptial day arriv'd at last
And smil'd upon the bride,
All nature bloom'd in roseate prime—
The lovers' bitter woes were past;
Folks thought of nought beside,
And all in Fyling at that time.

Were bid; the Domains' farmers dined
 At Fyling-hall, and all combin'd
 To crown the day with joyous pleasure,
 And make the bride and bridegroom blest;
 A minstrel, in his sweetest measure,
 Thus sung, ere they retir'd to rest;—

When love first beholds the fine form and fair face,
 Which for ever must reign o'er his heart,
 In his sight she has every beauty and grace,
 And he languishing sighs when they part.
 If the maid feel her heart, too, reciprocally beating,
 No language can utter their exquisite bliss,
 When the raptur'd lover his passion repeating,
 Encircling the maid, steals the first honied kiss.

The thrice happy hours of sweet courtship pass by,
 Till the frowns of adversity lour,
 And the lovers are sunder'd—to sorrow and sigh,
 But true love still retains its sweet power.
 'Tis the same in the storm as the calm—ever glowing,
 Like Sol it still shines, though by clouds overcast,
 While ill-fortune is frowning and tempests are blowing,
 Then gloriously beams when the storms are all past.

Yes—bright are its beams on the blest bridal day,
 For they see in each other all that they desire;
 Join'd their first love and last, which shall never decay,
 But still live even after this life shall expire;
 For the love of pure souls even death cannot sever—
 With bright immortality's seal 'tis impress'd,
 And as sweet as the flower that bloometh for ever,
 It shines in full bloom in the realms of the blest.

The bliss that arises from virtue is yours ;
Still may health, honour, happiness dwell in your bowers,
Every blessing to you and your offspring be given,
Here long may you live—then for ever in heaven.

A POETICAL LETTER ON SMILES:

“Wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek.”
MILTON.

DEAREST MISS,

I take up my pen with a smile,
For oft I have seen one beguile
Your features; which taught me to trace
That charm of a good-humour'd face.

Oh! the joy that the mother beguiles
When her infant first smiles—how she smiles!
The bliss which that moment they feel,
Nought else but such smiles can reveal.

Health, cheerfulness, friendship, and love,
Wit, beauty, prosperity, move
Midst smiles,—and are seen when you smile;
And pleasure, too, smiles all the while.

A smile, it is very well known,
O'ercomes our foes more than a frown;
Such smiles are far keener than swords,
And wound more than volleys of words.

A smile can do more to defeat
The bitterest foe we can meet,
Than a long summer's day of abuse;—
When both sides are vex'd, what's the use?

But when one would vex you, look gay,
And smile at whatever they say ;
Turn all into frolic and jest—
Good-humour foils ill-humour best.

But ne'er let an ill-natur'd smile
My charmer's sweet features beguile ;
Such shew something different at heart,
That smarts whilst they make others smart.

Though smiles may sometimes even hide
Disappointment, grief, mortified pride ;
Such smiles are not naturally sweet,
But your's are, dear girl, when we meet.

My love, on your beautiful face
The far sweetest smiles let me trace,
I'll compare them to something above,
For all else is too gross for my love.

With smiles blest Elysium may shine,
Its smiles can't be sweeter than thine ;
Then continue to smile thus on me,
For my love is all centred in thee.

COURTSHIP.

Ye lovers, who walk when the moon's shining bright,
Whilst your courtship its secrets discloses,
The nightingale feels not a greater delight
When she pours forth her raptures midst roses.

•

But when, disappointed, one walks all alone,
 And all hopes of the lov'd one is over ;
 The feelings are poignant—but bid them begone,
 And prudently choose a new lover.

May virtue attend upon beauty and love,
 Every pair with each other delighted ;
 Embosom'd in bliss, always mutually prove
 That their souls are for ever united.

LOVE,

COMPOSED FOR A LADY TO PRESENT WITH A WATCH-PIECE
 TO A FRIEND.

What love is, the heart can't reveal ;
 To try to describe it, is vain ;
 To know what love is, we must feel
 Its transports of pleasure and pain.

Oh ! may we experience in love
 Its pleasures exempt from its pains ;
 May your heart, tongue, and watch always move
 As true as the heart which remains
 Ever yours.

LINES FOR A WATCH-PIECE.

My dear, may you prove
 The pleasures of love ;
 May your watch, tongue, and heart
 The truth still impart.

THE KISS.

May your sweet lips which shed the ruby's glow,
Antipathy unto all falseness shew;
And may no kiss but true affection's share
The nectar of your lips, enchanting fair!
A kiss of you belongs to me alone,
Let no intruding lover e'er have one.

FAREWELL.

I am going far from you to dwell,
And am forced to bid you—farewell!
With a sigh if your bosom should swell,
Whilst I say—I am going, farewell!

Such a sigh, if it come from your breast,
With the breath of affection impress'd,
Such a sigh, what I feel can best tell
Whilst I sigh—I am going, farewell!

May Heaven bring you safe back again,
Your remembrance shall with me remain;
And forget me not, where'er you dwell,
You are going, farewell!—ah, farewell!

AIR.—O'ER THE MOOR.

O'er the moor in haste he hies,
Whilst the plover round him flies,
And pee-wit, pee-wit, she cries,
And the moor-birds rise.

Night outstrips our traveller's haste,
 Love illumes the dreary waste,
 Soon its joys he hopes to taste,
 By his Anna placed.

Henry came from o'er the moor,
 Open'd Anna's cottage door,
 And was welcome, you are sure,
 For he came to woo her.

AIR.—BREATHE FAIR WINDS.

Pilot, come and win thy foy,
 Then my heart will leap for joy.
 Madam Fortune, O befriend him,
 Guide his glass, and guide my lover.
 Breathe, fair winds, and home attend him,
 Then my cares will all be over ;
 Anxiety will then be o'er,
 And hush'd my heart's alarms,
 When my dear William springs on shore,
 And clasps me in his arms.

WHITBY AND BAY SAILORS.

You know, sirs,—'tis very well known, sirs,
 To merchantmen, colliers, and whalers,
 That Whitby and Robin Hood's Town, sirs,
 Are famed for a set of fine sailors.

CHORUS.

The sailors of Robin Hood's Town, sirs,
 And Whitby, are tars of renown, sirs.

They're hardy, free-hearted, and handy,
Both able and willing to do, sirs,
Bold, active, and rigg'd quite the dandy,
Come here—if you want a fine crew, sirs.

On deck—up aloft—in the boat, sirs,
Or elsewhere—whatever they're doing,
All's right, for our tars can do ought, sirs,
Aye, whether they're working or wooing.

There's many a haul and a shove, sirs,
In courtship and marriage d'ye see;
May she steer and sail well whom we love, sirs,
And may we still have the wind free.

WHITBY REGATTA.

Several persons went to see the Sailing-Match, July 17th, 1833, but
there being no wind, of course the Match was put off.

The Sailing-Match we went to see,
Was it not such a novelty
As none have ever witnessed yet?
For, strange to tell, they ALL were beat!
Then, for the future, let us mind,
For boats can't sail when there's no wind.

PINK OR BLUE, OR BLUE AND PINK.

Our rule's moderation, and reason's our guide.
Reform is repeated amain,
What numbers of times—but in vain;
In vain, unless Britons be true,
It matters not which—Pink or Blue.

CHORUS.

Reform we say, so let us do;
 Reform we need—both Pink and Blue.

Brave Britons, mind what you're about,
 For work and good wages stand to't;
 To clothe you, and get meat and drink;
 And then you can wear Blue or Pink.

Sirs, give the poor sufficient work,
 Thus help them to use knife and fork;
 Then when they have to eat and drink,
 They'll thank you, whether Blue or Pink.

Reform we say—but talking's vain;
 Let's do so, joining to attain.
 General, personal, true,
 Real, lasting reform—Pink or Blue.

Our candidates, natives, well-known—
 Hon'able—may all have to own,
 Who speak what's good-natured and true;
 Then cheer them, real Pink and true Blue.

Both can't be named first, or I would,
 You know seniority should;
 MOORSON, CHAPMAN, and all that are true,
 For ever, hurrah! Pink and Blue.

May our choice be found worthy, whilst he
 We elect not, as worthy may be;
 Tho' oppos'd, yet their names fame shall sink,
 The contrast looks well—Blue and Pink.

May he we elect be the man
 To do all the good that he can;
 Maintaining our rights that are due,
 Never changing his hue—Pink or Blue.

Ye fair ones of Whitby, impart
 Fair votes—you influence each heart,
 For you are the fairest, 'tis true,
 The fairest on earth—Pink or Blue.

What matter of colours or talk?
 Reform in good earnest—not joke—
 We want, and must have, so be true;
 It matters not which—Pink or Blue.

Success to the town of Whitby—
 Its shipping, its trade, and M. P.,
 And may we not waste pen and ink,
 With railing against Blue or Pink.

THE ELECTION, 1832.

When our M. P. won the day,
 Folks gave many a loud hurrah;
 And made all the music play;
 How the bells, too, rung away!

CHORUS.

May our borough always be
 Pious, loyal, happy, free.

He was chair'd triumphantly;
 Sing his civic victory,
 Write it down in history,
 Shew it forth in poetry.

Party colours, garlands worn,
Fine flags flying, hung, or borne,
Beauteous females, charming ones,
Cheering, shouting, firing guns.

Crowds of people drunk and not,
Things that ne'er will be forgot;
Such was our Election-Day,
Like all else it pass'd away.

May he still befriend our town,
We have chosen him our own,
As our Representative!
Long and happy may he live.

Party spirit be forgot,
Peace and plenty be our lot;
Here and there, by land and sea,
May all flourish prosperously.

May we all reform anon,
You, and me, and every one;
Then reform would soon get done,
We should stand in need of none.

Triumph swells our borough's voice,
Other boroughs, too, rejoice;
May each borough always be
Pious, loyal, happy, free.

**IMPROMPTU ON THE OPENING OF THE WHITBY NEW
BRIDGE, 1836.**

Whitby old Bridge stood
As long as it could,
And yet all must own
That it was pull'd down.
May the new Bridge bear
Abundance of trade,
And open to many a tar;
May prosperity crown
Shipping country and town,
And its cost o'er and o'er be repaid.

WHITBY AND PICKERING RAILWAY,

OPENED MAY 26TH, 1836.

"Highly picturesque."

Upon the river Esk's north side,
Near its confluence with the tide,
The Railway starts, and we too;
A ride so fine—what other line
Can boast, where'er it be to ?

Hills, vales, and woods, romantic scenes,
Bridges, and all that intervenes;
Like some accomplish'd beauty,
In whom ye see economy
And every thing to suit ye.

'Tis a delightful ride indeed,
And its description you may read,

And see engravings of it;
 Its charms abound—may it be crown'd
 With usefulness and profit.

Through Goathland that a Railway's made—
 That coaches run through Growmond's shade,
 Must stand 'mongst the world's wonders;
 Let PICKERING and WHITBY sing
 Success unto its founders.

The country folks to market come
 With speed, and speedily go home—
 The Railway's *util dulci*;
 Just look within the Tunnel Inn,
 'Tis jovial and quite full see.

Still may the Railway gather gain;
 May plenty through its wide domain,
 Both town and country nourish;
 May WHITBY grow, and PICKERING too,
 And all our empire flourish.

STANZAS ON TAKING A SKETCH OF THOMASON'S FOSS.

When I gaze on the water's precipitate flow,
 O'er the bold craggy Foss, to the abyss below,
 It roars with increasing tumultuous sweep,
 As it tumbles headlong from the high, rocky steep;
 And, rebounding, it foams up the dark mossy side,
 Falls again, and is lost in its own frothy tide;
 Then flows on, and passes thro' thick-wooded vales,
 And by its rich banks, and down well-cultur'd dales.

What exquisite feelings rush over the mind,
 When we view the rocks, trees, and the water combin'd !
 The woods rise stupendous on each rocky side,
 And sweet-singing birds in the branches abide ;
 When we ramble around by the wild, rugged heath,
 Till we come to the top, where the Fall roars beneath ;
 There to look from the brow of the thick-wooded height
 On the waters of Thomason's Foss with delight.
 As they roll from the sight, and are lost in the glade,
 What pleasing emotions the bosom pervade !
 The scene is romantic in every feature,
 Which inspires us to sketch and to paint it from nature,
 When the sun's golden beams tip the picturesque spot,
 And awaken such thoughts as will ne'er be forgot.

VENTURER.

THE LIONS OF WHITBY.

Ladies, pray may we go with you ?
 Our hearts will go—then let us go ;
 To Cockmill, or to Crowdy-hall,
 Or up t' Church-stairs—by t' Abbey-wall.

There's t' Abbey, Kate-pond, Haggit-howe,
 On t' Cliff, and Hole o' Hercum, too,
 To Green-lane End, New-gardens, or
 Which side of t' water are you for ?

Across the Bridge, come, will you go,
 Whilst fresh and salt both run below ?
 Thro' t' streets, and then down t' pier and back,
 To Upgang, or on t' Cliff-fields track ?

Or shall we take a walk, my dears,
 On t' Railway, Ruswarp, and on t' Carra ?
 We'll treat you with the very best,
 And on our arms, too, you shall rest.

There's Stakesby, Raithwaite, and fine views,
 Fields, gardens, castles, what you choose ;
 By t' Turnpike-gate, Cross-butts, Love-lane,
 And, courting, we'll come back again.

Up Bagdale and New-buildings Flags,
 'Mongst belles, and beaux, and Whitby wags,
 To all the haunts of sport and love
 Near Whitby borough let us move.

Issuing from Hardcastle's yard,
 Thro' Alms-house Close walks forth the bard ;
 To Larpool-hall, Stainsacre-lane,
 Or Hawsker-road, then back again.

SCARBOROUGH,

IN ENGLISH SAPPHIC.

Sweet Scarborough's been describ'd in prose and metre ;
 The beauties of the place and its environs,
 Description fails to tell ; its many visitors
 Meet there with pleasure.

With fine terraqueous scenery surrounded,
 Crown'd with its castle of high antiquity,
 Adorn'd with elegant and noble buildings,
 Terrace, bridge, and spa.

By the ocean's margin, numbers promenading;
Beauties rising from it—fair as fabled Venus;
Equipages, ladies, gentlemen, and all sorts
Hail charming Scarborough.

Sweet sounds of music, or of ocean chiding,
The hum of people heard at dusk of evening,
'Tis an enchanting place—full of attractions
During the season.

SWEET GIRLS.

How handsome our sweet lasses are,
So pretty, witty, debonair!
Enchanting, charming, lovely girls,
They shine like diamonds, gems, and pearls.

Sweet girls, for t'sake and love of you
Our sailors brave all dangers through;
Whilst landsmen of all trades and arts,
All emulate to win your hearts.

Whilst the musician sings and plays,
To you the poet tunes his lays;
The Painter does his very best
To please you, so do all the rest.

LASS OF MY LOVE.

Lass of my love, come—roam along with me
Beneath the shady elm, or hawthorn tree,
Our honourable love there to impart,
And tell the candid feelings of the heart;

Our passion hitherto has prosperous been,
Nor felt the poison'd shafts of envy keen;
Still may we ward each spiteful dart, and prove
Faithful and happy in each other's love.

The orb of night, now shining in its glory,
Reminds us of old legendary story;
Of haunted towers, enchantments, fairy sprites,
Of fair maids stolen, and of advent'rous knights.
It tells of castles and of camps attack'd,
Of many a city's siege, and town ransack'd;
Of those who for their king or country bled,
And sunk in death upon a heathy bed.

Lass of my love, come—roam along with me,
Beneath the sycamore's shade, or old oak tree,
View the dark woods—tipp'd with the lunar beam,
And listen to the murmur of the stream;
We'll wander by the moon's soft mellow light,
And court 'midst nature's silence with delight,
And see night's shadowy forms to fancy sweet,
Nor heed the rapid moments as they fleet.

Shine on, thou lovely queen of noiseless night,
So charming to the minds which take delight
In the fantastic blended light and shade,
Whilst on the water the sweet beam's display'd.
Charmer, let me thy lovely form embrace,
And press chaste kisses on thy beauteous face.
Oh! thus enraptur'd, may we always prove
The pure delights of honourable love.

VENTURER.

EPIGRAM.

If I should search the world all through
For beauties to compare you to,
There is but one who is so fair,
Look in your glass—you'll see her there.

SOMETHING NEW.

Assist me, ye powers of invention.

From childhood we still would be playing
With something that's new—
You know it is true ;
Each poet and author essaying,
Mechanics and artists all trying
For something that's new—oft in vain,
'Tis oft the old thing o'er again—
Invention would like to be flying.
Mathematicians,
Painters, musicians,
Jews, christians, and barbarians,
Ists, icks, ers, ans, and arians—
Through the world, in every nation,
Something new is all the fashion ;
All in motion,
Commotion,
Locomotion,
Perpetual motion.

What ways, and what means, and what subjects we try at,
It busies the living—the dead can't lie quiet ;
Brains—rack'd, crack'd, and puzzled, give o'er,
And cease any longer to pore ;—

For thus said the wise Solomon,
 "There's nothing new under the sun."
 I once saw the sun in the water—
 My love in her glass ne'er was smarter—
 Being thirsty, I stoop'd to the place,
 And drunk o'er the sun's shining face.
 Drunk *over* the sun?—yes I did, it is true,
 And the sky too *beneath* where I drank—it was blue;
 Pray was'nt it a novelty—something quite new?
 Like the inverted scene of the sun and its skies,
 'Tis oft in appearance that novelty lies.

ABOUT, ABOUT.—ALIAS, ABOUT A BOOT.

A cordwainer's apprentice came
 And brought some skins to curry,
 And left word in his master's name—
 The currier happening to be out—
 When he came in, that he should hurry
 To Baxtergate, about a boot.

The lad's expression seem'd so droll,
 Twisting about the meaning
 Of the said hero of the awl,
 I found the thing for rhyme would suit;
 And, on the table leaning,
 Began my theme—about, about.

Once every day this globe has run,
 About, about, still turning,
 And once a year about the sun;
 How many times about we've gone!
 Each orb, the heavens adorning,
 About still goes, and still has done.

And every creature's been about
Something e'er since creation ;
The word with various meaning's fraught,
It speaks about both work and play,
About each thing and nation—
E'en "about nothing," folks oft say.

It tells about both you and me,
What we're about and thinking ;
About both good and bad, d'ye see,
This self-same phrase—about, about ;
Thus every purpose linking,
About all very well may suit.

When anything is wrote about,
What is 't about's the question ;
And many an author may be taught,
When he can neither think nor dream
To suit some folks' digestion,
Then let him tack about his theme.

MYSELF AND MY MATES.

"I perch upon an humble promontory,
Amidst life's infinite variety."

BYRON.

In eighteen hundred and eleven,
On the thirtieth of cold, dark December,
My breath of existence was given,
My relatives well can remember.

With care I was lulled to rest
On the lap, and oft rock'd in the cradle,
Till childhood push'd infancy past,
And strength taught my footsteps to paddle.

The sorrows of nature were strange
To me, I knew nothing of grief;
I was blind to the world and its range,
Till boyhood rush'd on without leave.

A school-boy then next I became.
When with others I soon got acquainted;
I join'd, quite alert, in their game,
And I never had cause to lament it.

My comrades all seemed inclin'd
Of my own disposition to be,
So together at length we combin'd,
And jokes pass'd among us with glee.

But boyish excursions must end
When vigour and strength reign within;
To labour we then must attend,
And the sorrows of manhood begin.

Some went to be hewers of wood,
To screen the bleak blast of cold weather;
Some went to be fishers for cod,
And others to work among leather.

Some went to be tillers of land,
While others were keepers of sheep,
And some of our old hearty band,
Poor fellows! are ploughing the deep.

A sailor I always respect,
 He's cheerful aloft or below;
 He's cheerful, when walking the deck—
 He breathes his cold fingers to thaw.

But those that are stemming the billows,
 Ere long may they harbour once more,
 And meet sweet repose on their pillows,
 Embracing their nymphs on the shore.

But you who are keepers of sheep,
 And you who work land, wood, or leather,
 Can rest with composure, and sleep
 While Jack is exposed to the weather.

When Jack, in his youth, returns home,
 And thinks about having a wife,
 Th' old folks they begin then to foam,
 And Jack dares not speak for his life.

They'll turn up their eyes and look queer,
 As though they were going to faint;
 Whilst Jack he embraces his dear,
 And thinks her not less than a saint.

So some of us landmen on shore,
 If we speak about changing our life,
 Th' old folks then begin thus to war—
 "Good chyle, thou should marry a wife."

They say, "If thou gets a crazed wife,
She'll plague thee with one thing or other,
And then thou'll grow tired of thy life,
And wish thou had stopp'd with thy mother."

But marriage, like all other things,
Its transient joys soon decay;
Old age will grasp peasants and kings,
And pleasures will vanish away.

Then childish once more we return,
Our snowy white locks testify;
We are crippled, and wither'd, and worn,
And dim grows the sight of our eye.

If we just take a glance all around,
At the age that's allotted to man,
Scarce one of our mates can be found
That belong'd to our vigorous clan.

But death calls existence to cease,
And life seems to be but a span,
Which brings to conclusion my piece,
And likewise the life of a man.

May we with a sweet prosperous gale
Arrive in the haven of rest;
And those who have passed the vale
May we meet in the realms of the bless'd.

VILLAGER.

MY DOG.

"The faithful dog *its* rightful master knew." HOMER.

I once had a dog, and I call'd it Princess,
 'Twas really a nice little creature;
But few had a prettier dog, or a less,
 And none, for its size, had a fleeter.

It had a white breast, and a star on its face,
 With white feet, and the rest of it black;
How handsome its shape, and how nimble its pace,
 How it carried its tail o'er its back!

A play-mate bestow'd it upon me; the dog
 Oft ran to its mistress—as I did,
With coaxing, caressing, and keeping *incog*,
 At last it contently abided.

'Twas faithful, domestic, and watchful at night,
 Sagacious, obedient, and loving;
It never was saucy, nor offered to bite,
 Nor had I to beat it for roving.

This dog, while 'twas young, every one lov'd to see't,
 But when age made it ugly and lean,
I often was griev'd—for the change was so great,
 That folks said—'twas not fit to be seen.

I kept it until 'twas not fit above ground—
 For twenty long years it had liv'd,
And then I was forced to let it be drown'd,
 At which I was very much griev'd.

The grave which my favourite dog's buried in
Is shaded with alders—the river
Which drown'd her, runs by it; there lies poor old Prin,
And the stream shall flow by her for ever.

DANBY CASTLE,

A BALLAD.

"Lonely and sweet—nor lov'd the less
For flowering in a wilderness."

CAMPBELL.

'Twas when Danby Castle was strong, fresh, and fair,
Its majestic Gonfalgon gaily waved,
The heathy hills round it were much as they are,
And the winding Esk through a forest laved.

Its owner, the Baron of Danby, one son
Only had, who fought in a foreign land;
Sir Hedgar had long loved the maid, Abigone,
But his sire forbad him with stern command.

Far sweeter her charms than the heath's honied bloom,
When its courting bees on the moors are heard;
Though poor and though humble her parents and home,
Ne'er a brighter beauty at court appear'd.

The crags and the ever-green holly wood's shade
Rose above the sweet maiden's retreat,
There Hedgar a visit oft secretly paid—
For the noble youth's love was very great.

Respectably born, the maid's parents had seen
Better days, and affluence once had known;
And Hedgar, as if he their equal had been,
At their cot his friendship and love were shewn.

When he first told his love, Abigone, blushing, said—

“How can one like me ever be your bride?

You—heir to yon Castle, and I—a poor maid,

My abode—this cot by the dark wood side.”

And ere he departed, he hastily stole

Through the woods one night to her parents’ cot,

To bid them farewell, and to part with his all,

Who with sorrow falter’d—“Forget me not.”

“I’ll never forget thee,” said he, “whilst my heart

Palpitates; its pulse shall beat true to thee.”

“And thou from my mind,” said she, “ne’er shalt depart;

Ah, farewell! farewell!—remember me!”

Whilst Hedgar’s achievements adorn’d the campaign,

He was wrote to—that Abigone was wed;

And she was appris’d that a bride o’er the main—

An illustrious lady, shar’d Hedgar’s bed.

Whilst jealousy, love, wealth, and poverty jarr’d,

And their mischief many a trouble caused;

Abroad the belligerents no longer warr’d,

And an autumn’s day over Danby closed.

Eve o’er the brown scenery came with low moon,

And the evening sounds faintly died away,

The wind it breath’d hollow, the leaves rustled down,

And the owlets hooted departing day.

Loud screams through the forest echoed—’twas the cry

Of a female shrieking for help amain,

Then silent—as if she had breathed her last sigh,

Then a piercing shriek, and ’twas still again.

Then furious tongues, and the clashing of swords,
From the wood issued; and expiring groans,
Succeeded by strange exclamatory words
Of surprise, which ended in love's soft tones.

That day Abigone had been over the dale,
And returning again by the forest side,
Five ruffians seiz'd—and proceeded to hale
Her away to where each a horse had tied.

'Twas Baron Brighthelmstone who thus stole the maid,
He had gazed enamour'd on Abigone,
The knight at the Castle a fortnight had staid,
And his host to this deed slyly urged him on.

The knight and his servants were bearing their prize,
When another knight to her rescue came;
And, drawing his sword like a flash from the skies,
With a thundering voice, said—"release that dame."

"Shall five yield to one?" Sir Brighthelmstone replied,
As he drew his sword, and his servants drew
Their faulchions;—and valour was speedily tried,
But the stranger three of their number slew.

He Baron Brighthelmstone disarm'd and bid go,
Then the damsel gratefully thank'd the knight,
Surprised, he gazed on her with pleasure and woe—
Her sweet accents once were his heart's delight.

He said, "Abigone," and the maid knew his voice,
And, exclaiming "Hedgar!" she fainting fell;
Reviving, she sigh'd—"Though I once was your choice
Of your marriage long I have known too well."

"Me married!" said Hedgar, "I never was yet;
 But I heard you were, and e'er since have pin'd."
 "Both single," replied she, "then, Hedgar, we've met."
 "Yes," he answered, "and to be always join'd."

By Hedgar's proud sire, Baron Danby, contrived
 Were the nuptial tales—to divide their love,
 Which gave them such pain till the lover arrived,
 Just in time to save his still faithful dove.

With joyous surprise, they embraced, and pursued
 A footpath which led to the maid's abode;
 Its taper, with pleasure, the lovers soon viewed,
 Raised the latch, and o'er the dear threshold trode.

Surprise and glad pleasure that night they all felt,
 And the true-lovers early trode Streanshalh's lands,
 And there at the altar together they knelt,
 By the Whitby monk joined in wedlock's bands.

To Danby's fair Castle the monk with them came,
 Interfered, and softened the Baron's ire,
 Until he forgave both the knight and his dame;
 And the bridal night made their bliss entire.

VERSES TO A FRIEND,

ONCE A PUPIL, WHO HAD RECENTLY ENTERED INTO MATRIMONY.

"Thy house, and in the cup of life,
 That honey-drop—thy pleasing wife."
 HORACE.

"Ou peuton etre mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?"
 "Where can one be happier, than in the bosom of one's family?"

Thrice happy's the span of the married man,
 When Heaven has bestowed the rich boon,
 A virtuous wife—his solace through life,
 His comfort, companion, his crown.

If she's there, he's at home—wherever they roam,
 She cheerfully waits on her lord—
 Soothes his care, grief, or pain—is glad when he's fain,
 And reverently breathes every word.

Like a rich, fruitful vine, may thy wife still entwine,
 Adorning and blessing thy house ;
 May she love to be there, with prudence and care,
 Exhibiting beauty and use.

My friend, may thy board always plenty afford,
 And, "like olive plants," there in peace,
 May thy progeny grow ; joy be your's below,
 Then in heaven—where joys never cease.

SONG,

Most excellent spirits.

Our spirits are good—well distill'd,
 And cheerfulness waits on our souls
 With harmless hilarity fill'd,
 We're merry without flowing bowls.

CHORUS.

Sobriety, friendship, and love,
 Their nectar alone we approve.

Most excellent spirits are ours,
 Our courage itself still inspires ;
 We're jovial within our own doors,
 And sing by our own social fires.

How poor are their spirits who need
 The aid of ale, *liquor*, or wine ;
 Such prodigals—want will succeed,
 For sots only suit among swine.

Pure friendship and virtuous love
 We cherish, and temperance too ;
 Our songs and vivacity prove
 That we without *liquor* can do.

SONG,

IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

Wen Clippins an Mell-suppers com,
 Et koits and et reaces, oft Tom
 Gat ribbon fre t' hans ev his Nan.
 An shea waz weel pleeazd wen he wan.

A gud leeaking chap, teea, he waz,
 And shea waz as gud lyke a lass ;
 Betther tweea nivver went te ther wark,
 At leetnin till efther't waz dark.

Az Tommy, yah Mell-supper neet,
 Set Nanny gwer t' slack bi t' meean leet,
 Wiv his aime roond her weeast, then sez he,
 "Mah Nanny, noo wen is't te be ?"

Sez shea, "Oft wen sweethartin's ower,
 Asteead o' becin sweet, luv's seean sower ;
 Fur weddin oft holthers fooak's tuan,
 Er, Tommy, lh'd ha' th' te muan."

Sez Tommy, "Ih'll luv th' throo lyfe,
 Nobbut tell ma wen thoo'll be me wyfe."
 Seea seean efther that thay gat wed,
 An ther lyves varry happely led.

A DIALOGUE,

IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

The jeering, grinning tribe owe much to those
Who, by their conduct, their own faults expose;
Our takers off—to their own faults quite blind—
The failings of the prudent have to find.

One day, two persons met in angry mood,
For something each had said against the other;
So their discourse, you may be sure, was rude—
Each stigmatising, scandalising t'other.

Things quite irrelevant they reap'd up, then,
About their kin and things, which I'll not pen,
Whilst folks look'd out and laugh'd or cry'd for shame,
As if themselves had never been to blame.

FIRST PERSON.

There's mony a yan et tosses up their nooase,
An thinks neea lahtle o' ther sens an clooase;
They mak just az if uther fooaks wur muck,
Wen thare nowt else but det an muck te t' chin;
There's mony a thickhead, tees, et hez gud luck,
An mony a hippocrite chock full o' sin,
If they deeant sweear, they'll lee i' faythe,
An deea owt slily unthernathe;
If thay haynt ma fotes—they ha' mebbly mare an warse,
We yan anuther's see, but wheea sees ther oan ?

Syke fooaks az thoo el finnd it oot neea farce,
Heak'd up et last, lyke tares be Satan soan.

SECOND PERSON.

Thoo's nowt else but a blaggade—nowt thowt on,
Ih wadent spoil me mooth we wat thoo splutthers, mun,
Te hact th' feal az thoo diz wi thah sense,
Iz warse than'z if thoo waz a rale en;
Fooaks nobbut laf at th'
Az Ih deea—ha-ha-ha!

FIRST PERSON.

Ha-ha-ha! thoo'z nowt but a pretense;
Thare'z mungrel kahnds, beeath neeave an feal, mun;
Noo did Ih cawl th'a rogue? but if thoo can,
Get honesty te say thoo isn't yan.

SECOND PERSON.

Mahnd wat thoo sez er mebbby Ih ma tache th'
If Ih hev fotes, an iz ther yan withoot?
If we sud mezzur fotes, thoo wad owerreeach ma;
Hooals i'the cooat stand need o' monny a cloot.

FIRST PERSON.

Nay pretha mahnd the sen, an leeak Ih'll tell th' wat,
Me fotes, in lenth, sud thay ootmezzur thahne,
In bredth an thickness, thahne el mare than mak up that;
Mend the oan fotes, an thoo'll spare nowt towerds
mendin mahne.

One, passing by, observ'd, "You're beeath te bleeam,
We've all aneeaf te deea te leeak at heeam."

NEW OAD LANG SYNE.

Sumtahmes we think and tell o' wat,
Oor yooth waz free fra strife,
An oft we leeak an wunther at
Tho sceeans o' lyfe.

CHORUS.

It sames lyke yistherday
Sen yooth was mahne,
Sea, lang or shot, I'll call me lay—
New oad lang syne.

Wen we wer in oor yunger days,
We oft than had a spree ;
But noo we can't hev syke lyke ways,
Ner show syke glee.

Tho tahmes, and yah thing wiv anuther—
Oor fammilies er lage ;
Now we can't liv withoot sum botther,
Expense, an chage.

But okedness oft maks things woss ;
Let's thry for betther tahmes,
That thrade ma fill each empty poss,
An mahne for rahmes.

A REBUS.

The name of a sovereign warrior take,
And the halves of two villages, one name to make;
A saint, and one-third of what's only the Lord's,
With five-sixths of what often is laid upon words;
Aright put together, and found out, will shew
Two Pupils' names, who first to rhyme I taught how.

ENIGMA.

Eyes, ears, nor a tongue, Miss, I never had any,
And yet I am all these and more unto many;
I never was bless'd with but one single sense,
And I lost it long since—'tis for ever gone hence,
Yet wisdom, fine sense, pointed wit, I express,
Each passion can shew, am a curse, or can bless;
Your thoughts, too, or anything else, I can tell,
Can wound the heart deep, or can make it quite well;
Every trade I assist, life or death I decide,
My assistance to some is by others supplied;
I was always amphibious and still remain so,
And gracefully glide, like the swan, to and fro;
Sometimes, like the serpent, I wriggle along,
I am good, and oft bad—I do right, too, and wrong;
My race propagate not, though like Eve we first came,
Ambiguous in kind, we are all of the same;
Like the crab and the lobster, I oft lose my claws,
Which shortens my span; I am stripp'd in your cause;
And if you would find it out what I can be,
Ask some seaman who navigates o'er the Black Sea.

ANOTHER,

WRITTEN ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

With touch as soft as Grecian maid's
Breathing sweet fragrancy ;
Who met thee midst the twilight's shades,
The first thou chanc'd to see ?

ANOTHER.

'Tis first to say silence, it first causes sound,
And dwells with the senses—by lispers 'tis bound ;
It whistles and sings like the birds in the trees,
Or serpent-like hisses ; it sails cross the seas,
Is found in the Esk, whose crook'd stream like it flows ;
Has the buz of the bee when embosom'd in rose,
But silent stands still in each sanctorum's aisle—
'Tis first so, then answers some viscountess' smile ;
Though ne'er heard in demesne nor in island, it dwells
With Englishfolk who almost all things it tells ;
In sadness it sighs, but in pleasure's disguised,
Like others it speaks when by passion surprised ;
Though in sight it is strong, yet in vision 'tis weak ;
Of she whom we love, it can, whispering, speak ;
In sweet and in sour, first essential it is,
Possess'd in esteem, and is double in bliss ;
It soars when Sol shines, on princesses attends,
And all things concluding, these verses it ends.

THE
MUSE'S FLIGHT,
AND OTHER
SERIOUS POEMS.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.

"To immortality's ecstatic themes,
To which each angel's lyre and mine is strung,
The saints shall rise, waked by its glorious beams."
MUSE'S FLIGHT, p. 8.

LONDON:
R. H. MOORE, 44, PATERNOSTER ROW.
WHITBY:
W. FORTH, FLOWERGATE.
1837.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Preface to these Pieces was thought unnecessary, being on serious subjects---perhaps they may speak best for themselves; but the Author's remarks on his serious Pieces will be found in "An Essay on the Origin and Progress of Poesy in his own mind," comprising a History of his Life in Rhime, and the flights of his Muse, from its first fledging to the present time, printed uniform with this work.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Muse's Flight	- 3
On Sacred Music	- 9
Sacred Musicians	- 10
Musicians' Invocation	- ib
Musicians' Universal Hymn	- 11
Invocation	- 13
Our Native Place	- ib
Flowers	- 15
Abishag, the Shunammite	- 16
A Fine Day	- 17
A Dull Day	- ib
On Holy-Days	- 18
Heathen Names	- 19
Anticipation of Christmas	- ib
Christmas Hymn	- 20
"His Star in the East"	- 21
The Christian Contest	- 22
New Year's Day	- 23
On the Death and Resurrection of Our Blessed Lord and Saviour	24
Charity	- ib
Part of an Ode to the Sun	- 25
The Sun of Righteousness	- 27
The Sabbath Day, a Hymn for Sunday Schools	- 28
Another	- 29
Graces	- 30
"Come unto me"	- ib
Taught of the Lord	- 31
A Poetic Pyramid	- 32
On the Holy Bible	- 33
The Creator and his Works	- ib
Man and his Need of the Saviour	- 34
Omniscience	- 35

	Page
The Vanity of this World, and the Importance of Another	- 36
What we all should be	- 37
Tekel	- 39
Unity	- 41
On the Fallibility of Human Laws, and the Infallibility of the Divine	
Law	- ib
Equality	- 42
Parody on Robert Bruce's Address to his Army	- 43
The Poor	- 44
Hephzi-bah	- ib
Jesus, the Saviour of Men	- 45
Disinterestedness	- ib
Seriousness and Laughter	- 46
A Funeral	- ib

ELEGIAC PIECES.

Part of a Monody	- 48
Part of an Elegy	- 49
Lincs addressed to the Author's Sister, on the Death of her Only Child	50
Daniel, my Youngest Child	- 51
In Memory of Hannah Mary	- 53
Verses on Mr. W. Herbert, late Schoolmaster at Raw, in Fylingdales	ib
To the Memory of Mrs. Cockerill and others of her Family	- 54
In Memory of Mr. Richard Robinson and Son, of Robin Hood's Town	55
On the Loss of the Crew of the Spring	- ib
Verses to the Memory of the Father, Mother, and Brothers of Mr. W.	
Taylor, Professor of Penmanship, &c.	- 56
Monody	- 57
Epitaph on a Young Lady who died when on the point of Marriage	- 58
Epitaphs	- 59
The Trance	- 60
Enigma	- 61
Heaven our Home	- ib

APPENDIX.

On the Disastrous Sailing of the Phoenix	- 65
--	------

THE MUSE'S FLIGHT.

"Earth's highest station ends in, 'here he lies;'
And 'dust to dust,' concludes her noblest song."

"Bursts my song beyond the bounds of life!
What now but immortality can please?"

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Up the Church-stairs I traced the Muse's *flight*,
With optic tube—visual and mental sight,
To contemplate upon the ancient hill,
And muse o'er those where all is sad and still,
Which form'd a contrast to the town below,
Whose inmates here oft walk, and talk, or sigh
O'er those among whom they ere long may lie.

Oft from the church-yard's monumental brow
Echoes the solemn knell or cheerful chime,
Or noises from the town ascend,
And with each other oddly blend;
When the town's clock or bell repeats the time,
(The carpenters then ceased their mauls;)
Steeds, rattling wheels, the busy hum of throng,
The clanking of the windlass palls,—
Whilst seamen, heaving, chant their song;

The noise of children playing in the streets,
 And din of many other different sounds,
 Whilst ocean beats against its rocky bounds,
 And bears its passing and repassing fleets.
 The lighthouse, raising high its graceful height,
 Seamen to guide with Pharosian light;
 Piers, harbour, baths, the flagstaff's lofty green,
 And various parts of Whitby town are seen;
 Field House, New-buildings, and the Union Mill,
 And also Meadow Field and Airy Hill;
 Whitehall's commanding front extends its view,
 Docks, shipping, Campion-ville, and railway too;
 Sweet Larpool Hall its woody beauty wears,
 Mount Pleasant, too, quite prominent appears;
 And many a town and country residence—
 Abodes of virtue, beauty, and good sense,
 With hill and valley, garden, grove, and field,
 And Esk's sweet course delightful prospects yield,
 I turn'd and viewed the shore where oft the spray,
 Caused by north-eastern winds, makes a white bay,
 And where the rock its dangerous ledges hides,
 By which the wary seaman careful guides,
 Sandsend, Lyth church, and bank oft travell'd slow,
 And Mulgrave woods and castle next I saw;—
 MULGRAVE! the warrior's—patriot's classic name,
 And PHIPPS! sounds circumnavigation's fame.
 Various fine views the scene diversified,
 'Till the distant moors no more supplied,
 Whilst many a vessel plough'd the ridges of the tide.
 I gazed where Streaneshall eminently stands,
 Where CHOLMLEY's ancient name respect commands,
 Whose virtues—ancient as their ancestry,
 Still shines, and has done immemorally.

The town and country to my view display'd,
 From the Church-stairs and yard, whilst I survey'd
 The sun's large orb shed its declining rays,
 And recollection mused on by-gone days.
 Amongst the numerous grave-stones then I turn'd,
 And slowly moved where many a one has mourn'd ;
 Whilst sadly pleasing with the murmuring main,
 The Muse began an elegiac strain.

Mortals, who view these serious scenes around,
 Your thoughts and actions to the spot adapt ;
 Put off vain things, for this is holy ground,
 And meditate—in solemn musings wrapt.

The restless and oft-agitated sea,
 Displays your instability below ;
 Here learn a lesson on mortality,
 Man and his works see both in ruins now.

In lofty grandeur once that Abbey stood,
 And on the green—before its ancient hall,
 Oft high-born dames and noble knights have trod,
 And round that cross was throng—departed all !

And many a one whose relics moulder here,
 When living were quite busy in the town ;
 Oft pass'd its bridge and walk'd its streets and pier,
 And visiting this church, pass'd up and down.

They walk'd this yard ; like you the graves they cross'd,
 And some here thoughtless levity display'd ;
 Others who sail'd yon sea, or there were lost,
 Here found a grave and are in quiet laid.

All ages and all ranks—serious and gay,
And who in various trades, professions stirr'd,
Their grave-stones prove when they were call'd away,
And that distinctions must be all interr'd.

What are distinctions ? ask some skull and bones ;
The ghastly grin, and vacant sockets' stare,
Implies—earthly distinctions, haughty ones,
Here but afford the worms a fatter fare.

Ye epicures and sensualists, attend
The silent oratory of a skull ;
For the grave preacher shews your latter end,
Here riot reigns and makes the reptiles full.

The eye that beam'd with beauty is their prey,
O'er the once rosy cheek they crawl and eat,
Sport o'er the bosom too where love once lay,
And the once beating heart's their dainty meat.

Ye who, inebriate, drain the flagons dry,
Corruption here shall flow through all your frame ;
And as the drunkard is oft wont to lie,
So here, quite senseless, you shall do the same.

Those who pursue vain pleasure's devious maze,
Or who are anxious after worldly gain,
Or seek for fame and grandeur's transient blaze,
The grave proves such pursuits alike in vain.

The slothful lie supinely in the grave,
And here eagrean passions cease to swell ;

Their senseless nothingness here Atheists have,
And the recluse, too, finds a silent cell.

The wicked in the grave from troubling cease,
And on its clayey beds the weary rest ;
The warrior wars no more, but is in peace ;
The sad no longer sigh, nor are oppress'd.

Anxiety and care no more distract
Dissentient foes—mixed is their friendly mould ;
No more with grief and pain are mortals rack'd,
No more they toil for bread, attire, or gold.

Here science ends, arts, and scholastic rules,
And subtile disquisitions need no clue ;
For what is wordly wisdom or its schools
To mortals—when they bid this world adieu ?

The sons of learning and of ignorance,
And all are placed on an equality ;
Till the last trump shall raise them from their trance,
To endless happiness or misery.

Various vicissitudes, ills, and turmoils,
Difficulties, privations, grief, and pain,
Some knew who now rest from their grief and toil,
And who, like seed, are sown to rise again.

Here parents, children, brethren, sisters lie,
Husbands and wives, dear friends and relatives ;
In sable dress, oft crowds of mourners sigh,
Take their last look—which no return retrieves.

But hope o'er many a grave looks up to heaven,
 (With sweeter emphasis the muse express'd,)
A foretaste of its joys on earth were given,
 Their souls are blest, and here their bodies rest.

Yes, let them rest in this and each church-yard,
 The sodded grave's as sacred as the tomb;
To them 'tis nought, but to their friends 'tis hard—
 There's ground enough, they need but little room.

Here stands the Church—the Abbey's ruins there,
 But think not that religion is in walls;
The heart should be the seat of praise and prayer,
 Grandeur and art the soul's attention calls.—

Calls it to admire the works of man,
 Where you should only think on heavenly things;
A shelter and convenience is the plan—
 The heart's the place whence true devotion springs.

Although mortality I now have sung,
 To immortality's ecstatic themes—
To which each angel's lyre and mine is strung,
 The saints shall rise, waked by its glorious beams.

Jesu's the source of immortality,
 Life, light, love, bliss, and every blessing, beam
From Christ the Sun of Righteousness; and he
 Shall raise his saints to shine in heaven with him.

The stars were rising, and the Muse, too, rose,
And soar'd to scenes which language can't disclose,

Where brighter stars midst endless day are shining—
Irradiated by the eternal Sun,
Who—heaven's all-glorious blessedness combining,
Has always shone, and ever will shine on.

ON SACRED MUSIC,

COMPOSED IN WHITBY CHURCH PREVIOUS TO THE MUSICAL
FESTIVAL, 1836, AND PRESENTED TO A MEMBER
OF THE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Music from each angel's tongue
Its divine origin sung.

When heaven's shining choirs were first fill'd,
And all the bright angels appear'd,
Bliss, glory, and grace were reveal'd,
And music's sweet strains were first heard.

Each sound was all sweetness—each strain
The effect of a spiritual cause;
Gross matter, which oft gives us pain,
Was not there—to break harmony's laws.

The angels' first accents were praise,
Their first act of motion ador'd;
Whilst music combining their lays,
With rapturous strains praised the Lord.

O, music's the angels' employ,
Redemption and grace their glad themes!
When sinners repent, "there is joy
In heaven,"—then harmony teems!

SACRED MUSICIANS.

All nature with music is stored,
 Each part in creation is found ;
 Its chorus is—"Praise ye the Lord,
 Whose mercies for ever abound."

Bright Cherubim, Seraphin, join
 In praising the Lord evermore ;
 O may we, through Christ, with them shine,
 When life here and death are both o'er.

SACRED MUSICIANS.

Of Jubal's sons, most blessed they
 Who to the Lamb's own band belong,
 For no man else can learn their song. *

None but the pure in heart should praise
 The Almighty's sacred name ;
 They who are sanctified by grace,
 Whose lives express the same,
 Whose lips breathe forth no guileful theme,
 Whose thoughts and words agree,
 Are only fit to mention Him—
 Who is all purity.

MUSICIANS' INVOCATION.

O may we sing in heaven, among
 The immortal bands, and chiefs of song.

Oh, God ! when in thy courts we stand,
 Unite each heart, each voice, and hand ;
 And while we here perform our parts,
 Inspire us and our hearers' hearts ;

* Rev. xiv. 3.

MUSICIANS' UNIVERSAL HYMN.

11

Grant that thy praise, not our own fame,
May be our only, ardent aim;
And when we speak or sing of thee,
Adoring may we bow the knee.

THE MUSICIANS' UNIVERSAL HYMN.

May music's most mellifluous melody
Breathe thanks and praise to God continually.

O, sacred Music! sent from heaven;
Immortal gift to mortals given,
Tune every note—each key and chord,
And teach each voice to praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

With instruments and voices join
To praise the Lord in hymns divine.

All other arts were born on earth,
But, sacred Praise! Heaven gave it birth,
Combining music and the lay—
Like light and warmth from the orb of day.

Soon as the angels were, they sung,
To endless praise, their lyres were strung;
The lay, the voice, and lyre, they join'd,
And sacred Music thus combin'd.

All heaven's inspired consummate skill;
Breathes the most sacred Music still;
E'er since they were—for evermore,
They all—the eternal God adore.

And all the shining worlds above,
 Sun, moon, and stars, and planets, move
 With all their might before the Lord;—
 Harmoniously they all accord.

Winds, waters, trees, hills, dales, and plains,
 Beasts, birds, and insects join their strains;
 All nature joins to raise as one—
 A universal orison!

The skillfulest that tunes each part
 In sacred Music—boundless art!
 Whilst such perform their loftiest lays,
 The rudest savage sings and plays.

Like instruments play'd skillfully,
 In Jesu's hands still may we be;
 He made us and sustains us all,
 O may his grace breathe through each soul.

Ye poets and musicians, join,
 And in one theme your lays combine;
 May every sound all-hallow'd be—
 Praise ye the Lord continually.

Praise be our heavenly exercise,
 Here now, and then above the skies;
 Where all the glorious sons of God
 Still laud him in his blest abode.

In heaven, whilst all the immortals raise,
 Incessantly, new songs of praise,

The Almighty hears our hymns ascend,
And with the heavenly anthems blend.

Through Jesus may we be forgiven,
Then we shall find access to heaven,
And join the raptured choirs above,
To sing our Saviour's wondrous love.

INVOCATION.

From early folly, and from upgrown sin,
Dear Saviour! cleanse mine heart, and plant therein
Thy chosen seeds of grace; and grant that I
May by thy Gospel live, and saint-like die.
And while my frame in mouldering atoms lies,
Then may my spirit dwell beyond the skies!
And when, Almighty Jesu! thou shalt come
To raise my dust from 'neath the clay-cold tomb,
A glorified being may I rise,
Always to dwell with thee in Paradise.

OUR NATIVE PLACE.

"Sweet Home."

All love—still love where they were born,
Its name is in our bosoms worn;
For charms so sweet, so fresh, and fair,
We meet with no where else but there.

The scenes around our native spot,
Whilst memory lasts, are ne'er forgot;
O, how delightful 'tis to trace
Our childhood round our native place!

Though rude and wild be the domain;
We love to see the place again
Where we were born; though we reside
In some fair vale—the country's pride.

Objects, which strangers may despise,
Are pleasing to the natives' eyes;
Grotesque and ancient things they view
With far more pleasure than the new.

With seas and continents between;
We think and dream of each loved scene;
Glad to return, or sad to trace
What alterations have ta'en place.

When far from where they first drew breath;
The aged, ere approaching death,
Oft linger, long, and wish, in vain,
To see their native place again.

And ere the heart is still and cold,
Its wish is, that a grave may hold
Its ashes near that native spot
Which ne'er, till then, can be forgot!

The heart still points—where'er we roam—
Points to our long-lov'd native home;
'Twas there it first began to beat,
And found each sweet endearment meet.

There's many a childish thing and lay,
Which manhood never puts away;

The heart retains them, but the heart
Of human nature is a part.

But souls divine, derived from God,
Should long to enter his abode ;
Their native home's above the skies,
And thither may our spirits rise !

" Except a man be born again,"
His birth-place and all else is vain ;
Christ Jesus ! may thy kingdom come,
Through thee, may heav'n become our home.

FLOWERS,

Life's like a plant, exceeding frail,
And youth's its flower; oft blighted by the gale ;
When spared, it blooms awhile--then, with'ring, dies,
'Tis not indigenous beneath our skies ;
Beyond creation and the reign of time,
There life eternal blooms in heav'n's bright clime.

Behold the beauteous flowrets rise,
With fragrant odours—lovely dyes ;
In rich variety, they shew
More colours than the beauteous bow.
What artist spreads his tints so well,
Or gives his flowerets grace and smell ?
None but the heavenly Artist, who
Form'd nature, and caused me and you :
No one like these was e'er array'd,
And yet how soon their beauties fade ;
Just as they fade—each beauty must ;
And every creature turn to dust ;

Then, whilst we occupy the tomb,
 Others shall in our places come.
 For oh ! our life is like a sigh,
 Just as the sparks mount up and die ;
 Or as a thought, soon man is not,
 And soon his memory's forgot ;
 Or like the flowers, frail mortals pass,
 Yet an immortal soul each has—
 A germ which lives when life is past,
 To animate us at the last ;
 And as the flowers adorn the ground,
 So may we at the trumpet's sound ;
 Like Sharon's Rose then may we rise,
 And be transplanted to the skies.

ABISHAG THE SHUNAMMITE.

1 KINGS, i.

Benumb'd with age—with hoary head,
 Sat David on his regal seat,
 Nor furry robes, nor downy bed,
 Could give the aged monarch heat.

His lords advised, and sought around,
 Till Abishag, the Shunammite,—
 A virgin, very fair, they found,
 Sweet as the morn—pure as its light.

Whilst she with youth and beauty glow'd,
 And cheer'd King David's palsied frame,
 His soul—warm'd by the love of God—
 Ineffably felt but its flame.

As on the earth reclines some flower,
Her charms he neither felt nor knew;
Passion was dead, but grace with power
Enlarged his spirit ere it flew.

She nursed—and in his bosom lay;
Visions of bliss and glory near
He would relate—devoutly pray,
And what sweet praise the maid would hear!

Smit with such sacred love divine,
Then would its force by her be known;
Would she to Heaven herself resign,
And give her heart to God alone.

A FINE DAY.

This beautiful day
Is passing away,
And youth fleets as fast,
Human life is soon past;
Then improve every hour,
And each moment insure,
For our time here is given
To prepare us for heaven.

A DULL DAY.

The pleasantest day
And the gloomiest one
Are both of a length,
And soon pass away;
Ere the present is gone,
While youth, health, and strength

You richly enjoy,
 Your lifetime employ
 In passing it well,
 That in heaven you may dwell.

ON HOLY-DAYS.

"More honoured in the breach than in the observance."

OLD PROVERB.

Some may say,—“Pray should Christmas and such days
 be kept

According to old or new style ?
 For many, before they were altered, had slept,
 And laid in their graves a long while.”

Maugre old stile and calendar, Time winged his flight,
 And he still does the same by the new ;
 Now or then, true believers in Christ are all right,
 Though now we may reckon time true.

But 'tis not our time—'tis the use of our time ;
 It is not the day—but its use,
 That gives it its worth ; but, alas ! in each clime
 Holy-days are known by their abuse.

Keep holy-days when they are generally held,
 But not as they generally are ;
 The primitives, who in devotion excell'd,
 Spent theirs in praise, fasting, and prayer.

But some think of nothing but mirth and good cheer ;
 O, ye inconsistent ones, read
 The birth of our Saviour, and how he lived here—
 Amidst sorrow, hunger, and need.

The Son of the Highest—his only Son too,
 The Heir to all glory and power,
 Was the lowliest personage ever below ;
 Imitate him, and humbly adore.

HEATHEN NAMES.

Why should the heavenly bodies have
 Such foolish names, which heathens gave !
 Our days and months dubb'd with the same,
 These christian times such titles blame.

ANTICIPATION OF CHRISTMAS.

Whilst you anticipate the time,
 And feel delight when Christmas comes,
 Think—since last Christmas, from each clime,
 What crowds have gone to their long homes !

Before another Christmas-Day,
 Or ere the approaching one is past,
 Think that you may be called away,
 And that this hour might be your last !

Remember Death is always nigh,
 We see his victims round us fall ;
 For all mankind are born to die,
 And Christ was born to die for all.

Yes, Christ was born our souls to bless,
 And may we all be born again,
 And through his perfect righteousness,
 Endless felicity obtain.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

The world had been four thousand years ;
A King—foretold by all the Seers—
Mankind expected then to come,
Incarnate from a Virgin's womb.

CHORUS.

As at this time our Saviour came,
With joy we celebrate the same.

The night and sleep kept nature still,
Peace hush'd the world and breathed good-will,
When Christ, the Prince of Peace, was born,
And heaven on earth awoke the morn.

Messiah left his Father's throne,
To do his will and make it known ;
As at this period Shiloh came,
And we commemorate the same.

A Virgin bare the promised seed,
Who came to bruise the serpent's head,—
To take away sin, death, and pain,
And raise fall'n man to bliss again.

An angel, swift as thought, came down,
To make our Saviour's coming known ;
And numbers more, with joyful strains,
Confirm'd it to the shepherd swains.

In Bethlehem, a stable held
Mary and Joseph, and the child ;

**The Son of God in swadlings lay,
Where beasts were wont to feed on hay!**

**Soon as the news the shepherds knew,
They went with haste and found it true;
So let us haste, and like them do,
And seek and find the Saviour too.**

**May every heart be joyful now,
And every knee to Jesus bow;
By every tongue to him be given,
Such praise on earth as is in heaven.**

**Thus may we seek, and serve, and praise
Our Lord and Saviour all our days;
His will be ours, and his our love,
So shall we sing his praise above.**

"HIS STAR IN THE EAST."

**"His Star in the East" beaming bright,
Announc'd the Creator of light,
And guided the Wise Men from far,
To worship Him born 'neath that Star.**

**The Jews and the Gentiles combined
All their wisdom and learning, to find
Where Christ should be born, which when read,
The Magi to Bethlehem sped.**

**They rejoiced then exceedingly, when
The glorious Star shone again,
And they followed its course till it stood
Above our dear Saviour's abode.**

The Sages, enraptured, beheld
 And adored the immaculate Child,
 And presented rich gifts to him there—
 Pure gold, sweet frankincense, and myrrh.

The Gentiles, whose worldly estate,
 In wisdom, wealth, honour, was great,
 Then saw that the highest degree
 Was conferr'd upon humility.

They gave him rich gifts, and may we
 Give ourselves to the Lord instantly;
 By faith and the light of his love,
 May we find him both here and above,

The Gentiles, whose offspring we are,
 Were brought unto Christ by a Star,
 Now his glorious light shines abroad,
 And we dwell 'midst the knowledge of God.

May we who have heaven in view,
 Unto our high calling be true;
 May we, while the blessed look down,
 Press forward and win the bright crown.

THE CHRISTIAN CONTEST.

Christians, push forward, and all do your parts;
 Resist all evil—join hands, heads, and hearts;
 Stretch every nerve, each part, and join the whole;
 Through Christ, your souls shall reach the heavenly
 goal.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"On this **FIRST DAY** of the New Year!
Come let us pray with heart sincere,
And unto God due praises pay.
Protect us all, O God of Power!
Prepare us—fit us every hour
For dying and for the **LAST DAY**,
For ~~one~~ another year shall come,
We may receive the solemn doom."

I. B.

My friends, another year has gone,
Another year has come,
So shall our lives and years pass on,
Till we are in the tomb.

Our friends and comforts oft are borne
Away by time and death,
Whilst we are left to sigh and mourn,
And spend our wasting breath.

Our comforts, friends, our lives, and all
We have, Thou dost afford;
This New Year's Day on Thee we call,
Protect us still, O Lord.

Here years and all things have an end,
But 'tis not so in heaven;
To Thee, our Father, God, and Friend,
O may this year be given.

O may we pass this new-come year
In what we ought to do,
And travel on to heaven, for there
The year's for ever new.

**ON THE DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF OUR
BLESSED SAVIOUR.**

The time arrived when all the law,
With all its weight of wrath and woe,
Was pour'd upon His guiltless head,
Whose precious blood for us was shed.

Well might the sun be veil'd in night,
When He from whom it had its light—
Who made the worlds, was crucified,
And for a world of sinners died !

But death and hell conspired in vain,
Our blessed Saviour rose again,
And for us intercedes in heaven ;
To him, then, let our lives be given.

As Jesus Christ came from above
To save us, may we feel his love ;
For all who serve the Triune God,
Through Christ, shall reach his blest abode.

CHARITY.

May the sweet voice of charity
Breathe universal harmony.

O charity's the sweetest strain,
Without it—all things else are vain,
Divinely giving all ;
Each good and perfect gift in one,
For Christ includes the whole.

He gave himself—he left his throne
To shew and teach us charity,
Perfection's bond—heaven's harmony,
Then may we ever breathe pure christian charity.

PART OF AN ODE TO THE SUN.

Bright sovereign of worlds ! round thy glorious sphered
throne,

What worlds cast their diadems bright ;
While time, just before thee, moves rapidly on,
Thy sceptre of day rules the night.

When morning steps forth, clad in gold and rich dyes,
And sprinkles the dew on the flowers,
Our dwellings, like altars, breathe smoke to the skies,
And thy lustre gilds day's golden hours.

As forth from his chamber some bridegroom doth pace,
In eastern magnificence drest,
Rising Colossean, thou shew'st thy glad face,
To run from the east round the west.

All heaven's high effulgences veil in the skies,
Thy lustre their eyes cannot bear ;
And Terra, rejoicing each morn at thy rise,
Rolls round thy bright orb with the year.

Thy seasons with bountiful plenty are fill'd,
The winter's subservient to spring ;
And summer impregnates what autumn shall yield,
Which thou to perfection dost bring.

* * * * *

The beautiful, rugged, grand, awful, and small,
Huge worlds, animalculæ's cells,
Thy lustre illumines—enlightening all ;
Painting flowers, birds, insects, and shells.

Vicegerent of Him who created thy light,
As kings are who reign here below ;
But monarchs who reign well, their crowns shall be bright
When thine shall have ceased to glow.

The king, full of days and good deeds, leaves his clime,
To shine beyond thy azure plains ;
And just like thy twilight in summer's bright prime,
That king's blessed memory reigns.

Thou shinest propitious o'er Britain's fair isles,
Where halcyon-eyed peace sees us free ;
Where, bless'd with King William, good laws, and thy
smiles,
Our empire enjoys liberty.

* * * * *

But once (upon Gibeon) thou ne'er hast stood still,
Once thy shadow return'd ten degrees,
And two nights on one day, shrouding Calvary's hill,
Closed thine eye upon Christ's agonies.

When thou art so bright, then how bright must He be,
Who lighted and gave thee thy fire !
Before Him one day thou all darkened must flee,
And, lost 'midst his brightness, expire.

If rays shot from sparks were compared with thy beams,
Still less—thy meridian full blaze,
Compared with the glory which constantly streams
From Heaven's chrystal throne of free grace.

Then think how exceedingly bright He must be
Before whom we all must appear !
Comparison fails—for the blest Trinity,
Similitude cannot declare.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

As sparks go out, so every sphere shall resign
Their glory derived from His,
Which always has shone and for ever will shine,
Filling heaven with light, life and bliss.

How pure must he be, when his glory's so bright !
Every good in himself he combines ;
'Midst his own uncreate, inaccessible light,
The Sun of all Righteousness shines.

Then, oh, how ineffably bright he must be !
His purity none can declare ;
The most holy, glorious, and blest Trinity,
Whose light evermore may we share !

Eternal Lord God ! King of Glory and Heaven !
Dread Sovereign of all ! still the same ;
To whom each superlative title is given,
Express'd by our dear Saviour's name.

THE SABBATH DAY.

Thou alone shinest with thine own glorious light !
All else have their brightness from Thee,
The source of all goodness, pure joy and delight,
In heaven, face to face, may we see.

Most glorious Sun of the empyrean skies !
Enlighten the world with thy grace,
And at the last morn may we like thee arise,
To shine 'midst thy glory always.

THE SABBATH DAY,

A HYMN FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Hail, Holy Day of sacred rest !
When 'tis well spent, the week is blest ;
The Sabbath-Day kept holy, is
The leaven of consummate bliss.

The Sabbath, first and best of days,
Is the blest day of prayer and praise ;
The greatest festival on earth,
Which gave our Sunday Schools their birth.

'Tis an high day whose morning saw
Our Lord o'ercome sin, death, and woe ;
Then let us pray, hear, learn, and read,
And sing—"The Lord is risen indeed !"

Lord, make this special day and place,
To us a means of special grace ;
Here may we learn to do thy will,
And help us, Lord, to do it still.

Then if we love and serve thee here,
Through Christ, in heaven we shall appear;
Where wisdom still inspires each thought,
Without the pains of being taught.

Happy the souls in that blest place !
Who always see Jehovah's face ;
There may our spirits soar away,
For there 'tis always Sabbath Day.

ANOTHER.

To-day put all vain thoughts away,
Remember 'tis the Sabbath Day ;
Let's keep it holy, as we should,
In learning how to worship God.

If all our time was spent in sport,
In foolish talk and vain resort—
If we should laugh our lives away,
Without one serious Sabbath Day ;

Though thus our precious time is past,
Yet serious days will come at last ;
A dying day—a funeral one—
And judgment day, will soon come on.

Besides, there is a dreadful hell,
Where sinners must for ever dwell ;
But to the good, a glorious heaven
Will at the last be surely given.

GRACES.

Then let us love our Sunday schools,
Which teach salvation to our souls,
How Christ lived, died, and rose again,
That we in heaven with him might reign.

GRACES.

BEFORE MEAT.

Thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Bless what thou now hast given,
Supply our souls with heavenly food,
And may we feast in heaven.

AFTER MEAT.

O, Thou, by whom we have been fed,
Who dost all creatures feed,
We thank thee for "our daily bread ;"
Lord, still supply our need.

"COME UNTO ME."

Jesus, may we all by the Spirit be led,
And brought unto thee, who hast graciously said—
"Suffer little children to come unto me ;"
Christ Jesus, inspire us to come unto thee.

Children thy disciples thou call'dst when below,
Thy children, O Lord, more and more may we grow ;
Children of the household of faith brought to thee,
The children of God, through thy grace may we be.

Thy faith is our fold, the good Shepherd thou art,
 May wanderers return, and we never depart;
 For all but the spiritual are wanderers from thee,
 Who say'st unto every one—"Come unto me."

Our Lord and our Master, our God and our King,
 Who died for us—Saviour, thy praises we sing,
 Who still interced'st with the Father, that we
 And all may be saved and come unto thee.

Lord, teach us, and guide each poor lamb to thy fold,
 O, bless us, and cause us thy face to behold;
 And grant that at last amongst those we may be,
 To whom thou shalt say—"Come, ye bless'd, unto me."

TAUGHT OF THE LORD.*

"May the Almighty, to the school of Jesus
 Always direct you!"

In the bible we see,
 By the light of God's word,
 That children shall be
 All taught of the Lord;
 How blessed the promise,
 What thankfulness from us
 Should flow forth in praise
 And adorn all our ways!

Haste, haste, blessed time,
 When the light of God's word
 Shall shine in each clime,
 All taught of the Lord;

* Isaiah lii. 13. John vi. 45.

Then all shall obey him
And due homage pay him,
Their peace shall be great,
And in heaven they shall meet.

A

POETIC
PYRAMID.

God, above
All else love ;
Hear his word,
Praise the Lord,
And always pray,
Both night and day ;
Prayer and praise illumine
Midnight's darkest gloom ;
Soon as the daylight springs,
Let praise outspread its wings ;
When you first uncloze your eyes,
Let your thoughts to heaven arise,
To the Lord who gives each blessing,
Whose great goodness flows unceasing,
Giving to all—life—light—and being,
His glorious Spirit, all things seeing,
Is present, though the sinner never heeds,
Remarking all your ideas—words—and deeds ;
Pray to the Lord, for pardon—grace—and love,
That Jesus Christ may all your actions move ;
So may you live below—and then with God above.

ON THE HOLY BIBLE.

Peruse the Bible, and there trace
Creation, providence, and grace ;
It proves all, and by all is proved,
By saints perused, admired, and loved.

The best, the wisest here below,
Have proved the Bible made them so ;
'Tis always new and never tires,
Who reads it most, it most admires.

There's not an idea, said or wrote,
But what the sacred Scriptures note ;
To every case its texts apply,
The way to heaven is taught thereby.

THE CREATOR AND HIS WORKS.

"Look through nature up to nature's God."

Nature's least work foils human wit,
And proves that God created it ;
None but the Almighty could have made
An insect, germ, a leaf, or blade.

With perfect beauty, use combined,
See, like a chain, creation join'd ;
Subservient to each other's ends,
How all reciprocally blends !

34 MAN AND HIS NEED OF THE SAVIOUR.

How wonderfully each class and kind,
Connected—separate, we find ;
Their various properties conduce
To their own good, and others' use.

Beyond sun, moon, and planets bright,
Far as the glass can guide our sight,
Still hosts of mighty worlds we see ;
How mighty must their Maker be !

To count his works, none can attain,
Enumeration is in vain ;
His blessings are as countless too,
More than the sands or drops of dew.

Infinite Wisdom, Power, and Love,
Justice and Mercy, all things prove,
Without beginning or an end ;
The Almighty ! who can comprehend ?

MAN AND HIS NEED OF THE SAVIOUR.

God made man perfect ; trace his frame—
The faculties which guide the same ;
Reason, sense, conscience, wills, we have,
And souls, all which the Almighty gave.

Our thoughts can fly just where they will,
Reason and sense know good and ill ;
Conscience checks, praises,—blames us more,
And our immortal souls would soar.

But though we see around us still
The Almighty's works fulfil his will,
We who were made to do it best,
Who owe the most, we do the least.

A baneful influence runs through all,
And plainly proves mankind's sad fall;
For who but stands in need of one,
To raise him up and lean upon.

And such a one in Jesus see,
His precepts and blest history
Are such as no where else are given,
And plainly shew the road to heaven.

Still at the name of Jesus bow,
And bear no other name below;
No other name but Christ's is given,
By which we can attain to heaven.

Aspire to heaven through Jesu's love,
Let that attract your hearts above;
May he his love to us reveal,
No other motives may we feel.

OMNISCIENCE.

There's One above who knows what passes here,
All that takes place on this sublunary sphere;
Omniscience knows—perceiving all at once,
Profane or pious, or who wears a scone.
Yes, from the highest heaven the Almighty knows
Each thought and word, and whence each action flows,

And he foreknows—through all futurity—
Before it is, what every thing will be.
His piercing glance sees through infinite space,
And views us always—in whatever place ;
Although of purer eyes than to behold
Iniquity, its shades he doth unfold,
Marks down each sin, and every secret thought,
Which oftentimes tempts us to commit a fault.

Amidst this hubbub world's astounding noise,
The Almighty, too, distinguishes his own,
And hears the lowest whisper of their voice ;
His little flock, though scatter'd here and there,
Though poor, despised, and, to the world, unknown,
He sees with pleasure—hears their humble prayer,
And listens to their unaffected praise,
Whilst all the immortals raise their lofty lays
Still higher—sweeter—more enraptured still,
Our grateful praise ascends to Zion's hill.

THE VANITY OF THIS WORLD AND THE IMPORTANCE
OF ANOTHER.

Ye worldlings, whom God's mercy spares,
O break through sin's most dangerous snares,
For worldly joys are all in vain—
What you call pleasure, ends in pain.

When your frail breath's about to pass,
Will you desire the sparkling glass ?
Will beauty, honour, dress, or wealth,
Be then enjoy'd, or give you health ?

Pleasure, ambition, riches, praise,
Are like the meteor's transient blaze;
As meteors glare and disappear,
Eclat and pageantry end here.

How must the bless'd this world despise,
When they behold it from the skies!
How little must all in it seem,
And all its history a dream!

Gaze not on beauty, wealth, or sway,
But O, prepare for that great day,
When all shall see and all be seen,
And all be published that has been!

When God, and all the sons of light,
And all mankind shall be in sight,
When heaven and hell are open thrown,
May Jesus claim us for his own!

WHAT WE ALL SHOULD BE.

"The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch."

Acts xi. 26.

The following lines were wrote to shew you who
Are far above all others here below,
Who, free from vain discourse and levity,
Think, say, and do their best religiously;
Whilst thoughtless ones ne'er think that they must die,
But sport e'en 'mongst the graves where they must lie,
Whilst such in dangerous paths quite careless move,
Religious persons set their hearts above;

And, though oft importuned, yet will not go
 To any fair, race, play, game, dance, or show,
 They never give the public-house a call,
 They say to those who swear—"swear not all;"
 Quenching all foolish talk and wanton song—
 Leading those right who long have wander'd wrong;
 Their presence checks the dissolute and gay,
 Vice stops its laugh—abash'd, and sneaks away;
 They spend their sabbaths, eves, and holy-days
 In God's own house—engaged in prayer and praise,
 And seize each precious opportunity
 Of meeting where the Lord is wont to be;
 The house of mourning and the sick-bed's side
 Their visits share, to cheer, console, and guide;
 The Bible, solace of their nights and days,
 They hear, read, teach, and practice what it says;
 Still striving to win souls to Christ and heaven,
 Their own to Jesus are entirely given;
 Their dress is without superfluity,
 Their deeds are held in perpetuity;
 The Gospel in simplicity is their's,
 Nor church nor chapel circumscribes their prayers;
 They always pray—at home and when abroad—
 And thus have constant intercourse with God;
 Their duty towards God and neighbours move
 Their words and actions—fill'd with Jesu's love;
 Baubles and hobbies 'neath their feet are hurl'd,
 Their Saviour's kingdom is not of this world;
 Living and dying, their examples teach,
 And after death their blessed memories preach.
 When such a one with vice will not enlist,
 The vain call such a one a Methodist;

When such a character the vain have found,
 With but few failings, and with virtues crown'd—
 O, he or she's a Methodist's the phrase;
 May all be such, for they deserve our praise!
 Say not that I have rais'd their praise too high,
 Ye vain, your words my verses verify;
 And, spite of prejudice, both friend and foe
 Attest my theme and prove that it is so.
 Strong Methodists, you call them who are best,
 Each serious man, with you's a Methodist;
 Be serious, too, and live like such a one,
 Nor live in jest—for death will come anon.
 Then cease ridiculous names, and scoffs, and jeers,
 Nor give them to religious characters;
 For call such persons any other name—
 No matter what—the person is the same,
 Through Jesus, Christians will be Christians still,
 And nothing else—so call them what you will;
 “Questions of words and names” they never use,
 When heathens and the unconverted Jews
 Hackney'd them so; but Christians, satisfied,
 Know nought below but Jesus crucified,
 An interest in Christ's their only aim,
 And, saved by him, they own no other name.

TEKEL.

Daniel v. 27.

Nature and art their powers may join,
 Science with seven-fold splendour shine,
 And all the human race devise
 How to be excellent and wise,

Genius and Talent's utmost skill
 Will never make a perfect whole;
 For something will be wanting still,
 And Tekel briefly suits us all.

Worldlings may boast, dress, and profess,
 Wisdom pretend, act foolishness,
 And seek for happiness in vain;
 By toil and study we attain
 The worldly things we have and know—
 Imperfect when we've done our best;
 To God's free grace we all things owe,
 His grace is heaven unto the blest.

Here, vice and pain our pleasures mar,
 And labour earns us grief and care;
 Oft seeming good is counterfeit,
 Angels, mankind, are incomplete;
 God is infallible alone!

He puts his saints perfection on,
 And gives from his empyrean throne,
 Each good and perfect gift in one.

Without anxiety or thought,
 Without schools, rules, or being taught,
 In heaven they know all wisdom's lore,
 And the eternal God adore;
 The blessed breathe incessant praise
 To Jesus—who is all in all;
 Through Him whose love inspires their lays,
 They harmonise a perfect whole.

Science may strive,—to Poesy
 Music may join sweet melody,
 Each vocal, instrumental lay,
 Sonorous, soft, symphonious play;
 Nature oft clogs and chills the soul,
 Oft art restrains and cramps its powers.
 With grace, O Lord, our lives control,
 Thy perfect righteousness be ours!

UNITY.

Do different sects and parties prove
 One faith—one church in mutual love?
 Satan insinuated sects,
 To blame each other for defects.

But He who good from ill distills,
 With charity and meekness fills
 Numbers of different sects, till they
 All follow Christ, the Heavenly Way!

ON THE FALLIBILITY OF HUMAN LAWS, AND THE
 INFALLIBILITY OF THE DIVINE LAW.

When one, to gain himself renown,
 Burnt the Ephesian temple down,
 The law, prohibiting his name,
 Served to perpetuate the same.

Notoriety, ambition, fame,
 And bubbles—these are much the same;
 The Word of God alone shall be
 Infallible—eternally.

God is infallible alone,
 For this can be attain'd by none ;
 Aiming to be infallible,
 Angels and men presumptuous fell.

Avoid controversy and pride,
 Lay human wisdom all aside ;
 All human institutions fail,
 And only the Divine avail.

EQUALITY.

Were the miseries of life made even,
 Share and share alike equally given,
 Could its blessings be divided, too,
 Good and ill to every one his due,
 Soon the fair equality would cease,
 Down would tumble those, and up start these ;
 Look'd they straight to-day as any arrow,
 Crook'd as any bow they'd be to-morrow ;
 Nicest equilibrium would fail,
 Vice would spring, though virtue should prevail,
 As stones, thrown up, fall down upon the earth,
 As dawns the morn and every creature's birth.
 The morn, the day, the night, alternate come,
 We're born, and live awhile, then death's our doom,
 (Fill, then, your stations of whate'er degree,)
 Till then, you'll never find equality ;
 Nor then, for many a one will find too late,
 For men a difference in a future state--
 Only through Christ equality is given,
 Sons we are made, and heirs with him in heaven.

PARODY ON ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Sinners, for whom Jesus bled,
Christians, by the Spirit led,
Fight yourselves till conquered,—
The most glorious victory.

Now, to-day, repent this hour,
See sin, death, and anguish lour,
See approaching Satan's power,
Satan, chains, and misery.

Who will be a wicked knave ?
Who can fill a sinner's grave ?
Who so vile as be sin's slave ?
Sinner, from perdition flee !

Who for Heaven's King and law,
The Spirit's sword will boldly draw ?
Jesus says, "Come, will you go ?
Christian, follow me !"

To save souls from fiery chains,
From eternal woes and pains,
Jesus drain'd his sacred veins,
That poor sinners might be free.

Lay the power of Satan low,
Conquer self, your deadliest foe,
Gospel freedom's in each blow,
Heaven shall crown your victory.

THE POOR.

Ye poor, often health and its children are yours,
Sweet sleep crowns your labour, that strengthens, inures;
If grace you possess, and your souls are in health,
Through faith in Christ Jesus, you've far the best wealth.

But ah, wretched ones, and most miserably poor,
Both wicked and poor! Oh, if grace shuts its door,
Still lower and lower you always must sink;
Then turn to the Lord, from perdition's dread brink!

HEPHZI-BAH.

Isaiah lxii. 1--5.

For the sake of his church the Lord's word will not cease,
For Jerusalem's sake it will never take ease,
Till as brightness itself white-rob'd righteousness shines,
And as a lamp burneth, salvation combines;
And all nations shall see, and their kings shall behold,
When his Church, with his righteousness, Christ shall
 enfold,

In glory array'd, and call'd by a new name
Which the Lord shall pronounce and give to her the
 same;

A glorious crown—royal diadem she,
In the hand of the Lord God Almighty, shall be,—
Term'd Forsaken no more, nor a Desolate land,
But, Hephzi-bah call'd, thy land, Beulah, shall stand,
And the Lord shall delight in Her whom he approves,
And her land be united to those whom she loves;

For as manhood espouses a virgin, so they
Who are sons of Christ's Church, there united shall stay,
As the bridegroom joys over his spouse by his side,
So Christ shall rejoice o'er the Church as his bride !

JESUS, THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

Jesus—Immanuel ! Thee we would hymn ;
Jesus—Messiah—High Priest—blessed Lord
And Saviour—King and God ! who art ador'd
By glorious Cherubim and Seraphim ;
Ador'd by all the hierarchies of heaven ;
Ador'd by all on earth who are forgiven ;
Through an affiance in Thy blessed Name,
May all our souls experience the same !

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

Give me a heart free from self-interest,
But ah ! e'en such a heart would pine alone ;
Give me two hearts, to make each other blest,
Another with my own, to beat as one.

But where's there a disinterested heart ?
Does love or friendship such a one possess ?
I dare not trust them lest they make me smart ;
I'll only trust the Lord our Righteousness !

"My son, give me thy heart," Lord, thou hast said ;
Dear Saviour, once thou gav'st thy heart for me,
For sinners—and for me, their chief, it bled,
And I would wholly give my heart to thee.

SERIOUSNESS AND LAUGHTER.

"I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?"

SOLOMON.

"All nature is serious, God is serious, they are serious in hell and in heaven, how then can we laugh and be foolish?"

WALSINGHAM.

A serious air all nature wears,
For all but man is grave;
A laughing face alone he bears,
To laughter oft a slave.

Man, who is born to grief and care,
Whom seriousness becomes,
With foolish laughter fills the air—
He laughs amongst the tombs!

No creature laughs but man alone,
He who should laugh the least;
Then seriousness henceforth put on,
For it is far the best.

Our Saviour never laugh'd, we've read,
Our pattern he should be;
Do as our Saviour did and said,
And that was seriously.

A FUNERAL.

The Lord has taken whom he gave,
Whom we must follow to the grave!
Though blest Religion says he sleeps,
Nature, within us groaning, weeps!

Yes, Nature weeps, nor can refrain,
Nor can we bring him back again ;
But we must go to him we mourn,
For he to us can not return ! .

Oft Jesus wept as we do now,
For Lazarus and for us too ;
Through him the dead shall rise again,
And with him all the blest shall reign !

Whilst here the mortal still remains,
We hope his soul with Jesus reigns ;
So let us press with vigour on,
He only is before us gone !

ELEGIAC PIECES.

MONODY.

Recollected part of a Monody composed on reading an Eulogy in the Cumberland Pacquet, on Mr. DANIEL SANDERSON, Gent. (Cousin to the Author), who died at Cockermouth, October 9th, 1817, sincerely and deservedly lamented by a numerous circle of acquaintance, to whom he was endeared by a truly benevolent and philanthropic disposition. He obligingly undertook to build the fine-toned Organ in the Church of Cockermouth, and also offered gratuitously to perform upon it, which he did but once—though that once was sufficient to prove the value of the Instrument, and the irreparable loss which it sustained in a scientific and disinterested Organist; dying at the age of thirty-six, he might truly have exclaimed,---

“Exegi monum vitum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidium altius!”

Alas! our Jubal we deplore!

Though christian consolation's ever nigh,
Which tells us mortals, though we all must die,
That death, which gives the living such distress,
Through Christ, is the last stage to happiness—
And though a thorny way and full of pain,
'Tis short, and leads us to our friends again—
No more to part; such hopes are sure to cheer
Each christian's heart, and teach him how to bear,
But still we feel as men, and weep at parting here.

We mourn our loss, the sons of genius mourn
 The loss of him who shall no more return ;
 Though great the loss which numerous friends deplore,
 His gain we hope is infinitely more ;
 Though life's fine keys have ceased, and mute his lay,
 His mortal organ, raised again, shall play—
 Whilst here below the mortal still remains—
 Above, the immortal tunes—ecstatic strains !

A
 PART
 OF AN ELEGY,

That was written
 To the Memory of
 The Author's Parents,
 J. and E. RICHARDSON,
 Both formerly of St. John's,
 Crosthwaite, in Cumberland.
 JOSEPH RICHARDSON died
 April 25th, A. D. 1826 ; *
 ELIZABETH, his Wife,
 Died Oct. 10, 1834 ; †
 Both interred in
 Fylingdales
 Church
 Yard.

When by the cot in which they lived so long,
 Remembrance shall often heave a sigh !
 She, tenderest mother ! he, midst labour throng
 From early dawn till day had closed its eye !

* *Ætat* about 70 years.

† *Ætat* about 80 years.

Industrious, frugal—his fidelity
 A copy for all servants well might stand;
 Near forty years he served one family,
 Nor ever broke his master's least command.

The bank, the bridge, the foot-way, and the stile,
 The garth, the barns in which he often thrash'd,
 Ye swains, when ye pass by think on his toil,
 Nor let his mem'ry ever be erased.

For youthful faults, he labour'd many years;
 Amidst their cares, honest and even;
 Far from their native place, where Skiddaw rears,
 They toil'd—but died in hopes of rest in heaven!

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR'S SISTER, ON THE DEATH OF HER
 ONLY CHILD, JOHN CROSTHWAITE BENNISON, WHO DIED
 JANUARY 9TH, 1827, ETAT 2 YEARS 5 MONTHS.

Thy loved, lost child! how happy is his lot!
 Grief, toil, anxiety, he knows them not;
 Short was his stay, and short the road
 Which led him unto blessedness and God.
 When any evil thou shalt feel or see,
 Then think—from all such ill thy child is free;
 Free from all evil—blest with every good,
 Thy loss is gain when rightly understood.

DANIEL, MY YOUNGEST CHILD,

Who died November 18th, 1835, aged 4 years 7 months.

COMPOSED ON THE DAY OF HIS DEATH.

To him,

How vain, insignificant, little, and dim,

Every thing here must appear--

To his soul now expanding in glory !

The children came to school, but, ah ! my child--

My youngest child was not amongst the throng ;

The dire small-pox his absent face despoil'd,

Rack'd his whole frame, and check'd his prattling
tongue.

Each day I look'd around with anxious care,

Some wrought, and some would laugh, and talk, and
play ;

But my once sprightly boy ! he was not there,

For on his bed or mother's knee he lay.

Too weak, and full of pain, to play or stand,

Blind—and disfigured with the sad disease ;

Yet patient under the afflicting hand--

With fever parch'd—his slumbers gave no ease.

My Dan ! whose looks beam'd cheerfulness and joy,

And who so readily and nimbly ran ;

Who told his mother he was her best boy,

And often said, " When me get up a man ! "

A far more rapid growth, and greater height

Than up to man, my child, thou hadst that day--

When, instantaneous, to the world of light,
Thy soul—a glorious angel—soar'd away.

But think not that a child's exempt from sin—
From the intention children may be free ;
Christ clothes their naked souls and takes them in,
To dwell in bliss with him eternally.

The very Sabbath* that he sicken'd on ;
He was to have commenced Sunday School ;
But, to know more than man can tell, he's gone
Where heavenly wisdom centres in each soul.

Oft I shall look around the school, and sigh
To miss his well-remember'd form and face ;
And, half-forgetful that he dwells on high,
Be ready to call Daniel from his "place."

Something so interesting at his age,
Each look and jesture, word and action shews ;
Curious to see and know—in all to engage,
How artlessly each opening idea flows.

But often folly in the bud appears,
Crafty or froward, heedless youth goes on,
Which spoils the promise of maturer years ;
And thus it might have been with thee, my son !

Had he lived longer, what could that have given ?
Nothing but vanity, and death at last ;
But all things now, through Christ, he has in heaven,
His body, too, shall rise when time is past !

* November 8th.

IN MEMORY OF HANNAH MARY,
INFANT DAUGHTER OF J. & J. BARNARD, OF WHITEBY;

She died December 29th, 1835, Aged 9 months.

Like some bright dawn which rising clouds,
From our fond hopes and wishes, shrouds;
Or as some beauteous bud, just seen,
Kill'd by the frost; as short a reign
The lovely infant had below;
The babe a brighter dawn shall know,
A brighter dawn its spirit knows—
Expanding now 'midst glory, blows
The immortal flower which still shall bloom,
And fill its form when Christ shall come.

VERSES,

ON MR. WILLIAM HERBERT, LATE SCHOOL-MASTER AT RAW, IN
FYLINGDALES, WHO DIED NOVEMBER 5TH, 1835.*

To study, WILLIAM HERBERT lov'd;
Learning, his thoughts and pen oft mov'd;
School-master, poet, christian, he
Was excellent, all must agree.

In Fylingdales he long had liv'd,
And when he died his Pupils griev'd;
Then many a person sigh'd and said,
"MR. HERBERT, our old master's dead!"

* This and the two following Pieces were composed and inserted at the particular request of Friends of the Deceased.

For many a Pupil he had taught;
 How fine the various "hands" he wrote!
 He knew right well what he profess'd—
 'But GOLDSMITH can describe him best.

Respect be to his memory given,
 We hope his soul is now in heaven;
 And may his Pupils meet him there,
 Of endless blessedness to share.

LINES,

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. COCKERILL (AND OTHERS OF HER
 FAMILY), RELICT OF THE LATE MR. INGRAM COCKERILL,

She died at Park Gate, January 8th, 1836.

Death, in six months, a family destroy'd,
 Four times he came, then left their mansion void;
 The aged Widow was the first who died,
 Her Grand-daughter* the next, expiring, sigh'd,
 Her Son's Wife† then, and Son‡ departed too,
 Within the week they bade this world adieu!
 Respected and lamented at Park Gate;
 Whilst many sorrow and deplore their fate,
 In heavenly mansions may their spirits reign,
 Then shall their bodies rise exempt from pain.

* Mrs. Ann Ireland died at Fylingthorpe, May 20th, 1836.

† Mrs. Hannah Cockerill died July 2nd, 1836.

‡ Mr. Richard Cockerill died July 5th, 1836.

LINES,

IN MEMORY OF MR. RICHARD ROBINSON, SEN.,
Of Robin Hood's Town, who died suddenly at Park Gate,
September 15th, 1836.

My mournful muse has these few stanzas penn'd
At the request of the Deceased's friend;
Often had friendship led him to Park Gate,
How strange that there stern death should seal his fate!
'Twas harvest time—he came to help his friend,
Who little thought that day to see his end;
But sudden as the harvest is cut down
He fall—and in a moment life was flown!
Regretted still, his memory shall live;
And may his sudden death a warning give
To all who are in health and vigour now,
For in a moment Death may strike them too.
R. ROBINSON and Son of R. H. Bay,
Within the fortnight were both call'd away;
We hope that they have reach'd that heavenly home,
Where sickness, pain, and death can never come!

LINES,

Occasioned by the brig Spring, (a laden Collier), Capt. Oliver, of
Shields, running upon Whitby Rock a little after midnight, April 17th,
1836; the Crew suffered, it is supposed, in attempting to reach the shore
in their Boat.

Darker than usual, the night
Had totally eclips'd the sight;
The rain descended thick and fast,
Driven by the black north-eastern blast;

A luckless Vessel struck on Whitby Rock,
 The Crew, in consternation at the shock,
 Took to their Boat; but all were drown'd—yea all!
 All perish'd 'midst the surf and dismal gloom!
 The waves clos'd o'er them—darkness was their pall—
 The sea, their element, became their tomb!
 Their stranded Boat and broken oars were found,
 And afterward seven corpses of the drown'd;
 Pity and grief shed for them many a tear;
 And may they with the glorified appear
 At the Last Day! O pause and think—it may be near!

VERSES,

Composed and inserted at the request of Mr. W. Taylor, Professor of Penmanship, &c., to the Memory of his Father and Mother, Henry and Elizabeth Taylor; and also of his two youngest Brothers, Robert and Henry Taylor, of Tuxford, in Nottinghamshire.

A mother in her family indeed
 She was; as kind a neighbour—true a friend,
 She would have wanted to supply their need;
 But two hours ill—prepared, she met her end!

Twas on New Christmas Eve, grief wept her gone,
 And on Old Christmas Eve,† that season, too,
 After some months of pain, her youngest son
 Expired, with glorious hopes of heaven in view.

Next youngest son, in youth and health's full bloom,
 The staff of life in both hands‡ seem'd to hold;
 Its stream burst forth, consumption urged his doom,
 And heavenly tokens shone ere he was cold.

* December 24th, 1817, *Ætat* 55. † January 5th, 1818, *Ætat* 13.

‡ Robert was both a Miller and a Baker; the rupture of a blood-vessel ultimately caused a consumption, and after 18 months of suffering, he died April 22nd, 1818, *Ætat* 17 years.

Near twenty years, and three of them in pain,
The Father and bereaved Spouse endur'd,
With job-like patience, cancer's dreadful reign,
Then faith in Christ his flight* to heaven ensur'd.

MONODY.

Now Poesy, weeping through cypress shade,
Strews flowers o'er where affection's hopes are laid.

Sweet flow'd his lays, like Philomel's, and prov'd
That never heart with purer passion lov'd;
And still it loves—and will, although she's gone—
Gone to her rest, and he is left alone !
Sweet flow'd his plaintive lays, and sweet the hour
When first her blushes own'd love's equal power ;
Their hands the sacred rites of marriage join'd,
A short but blissful time their union 'twin'd.
A mother's pains were her's; and he too felt,
And oft in prayer for her recovery knelt ;
Hope flatter'd, but soon fled with her last sigh.
'Reft of her tender care—deem'd near to die,
Sickness and sorrow pierc'd his bosom through ;
His heart had been divided 'twixt the two—
'Twixt God and her, then it was God's alone—
To Him with her enfranchised spirit gone,
Which oft, as some bright star looks from the sky,
Shall view her Spouse and Daughter from on high,
And joy to see them climb the heavenly road,
And long to welcome them to heaven and God.
Whilst for her Spouse this comfort is in store—
That they shall meet again to part no more ;

Still fresh with tears, her memory shall bloom,
 And love and hope entwine around her tomb;
 As some fair floweret, drooping, sheds its dew
 Beside the tomb, so sorrow's drops shall flow,
 And she shall rise at the Almighty's word,
 To be united always with her Lord.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY WHO WAS ON THE POINT
 OF MARRIAGE WHEN SHE DIED.

This life's uncertain, live as you should live,
 Nor rest your hopes on aught this world can give;
 What hopes and wishes lie entombed here!
 Whilst youth and beauty crown'd each smiling year;
 Then, fondly dreaming o'er the years to come,
 Her friends awoke to mourn her early doom.
 Whilst friendship, love, or pity o'er her weeps,
 Hope seems to tell us that the damsel sleeps,
 And that the virgin's lamp shall brightly burn
 When waked to greet the bridegroom's blast return!

Ah, ye who read mementos o'er the dead:
 Others shall your's peruse, and their's be read;
 And still to each this question be applied,—
 How have you lived since your relations died?
 O live a godly life, prepared to die,
 That you may ever live with Christ on high.

Like some sweet morn', she pass'd away,
 To shine, we hope, 'midst endless day.
 Her relics, which beneath remain,
 Through Jesus Christ shall rise again.

Though youth adorn, and strength array,
 You may be doom'd to die to-day;
 Watch, then, and spend each day as though
 The night would bring the mortal foe;
 Each night your eyes with rev'rence close,
 For death may seal them midst repose;
 In life and death on Jesus rest,
 To live with him—for ever blest!

Ye who lament departed friends,
 Aim for the heavenly shore,
 Where all whom faith in Christ attends,
 Shall meet to part no more.

All who die in the Lord are blest;
 Reader, prepare to die!
 Then from your labours you shall rest,
 And rise to dwell on high.

ON TWO CHILDREN.

The longest liver never won
 What these by dying young have done,
 Their souls in heaven with Jesus reign,
 Their bodies, too, shall rise again.

Here, free from labour, grief, and pain,
 Their bodies rest to rise again,
 And may they and their offspring meet
 In heaven, midst happiness complete!
 To which Christ is the only way;
 Then follow him, and watch and pray.

FOR A FATHER, MOTHER, CHILD, &c.

The heart that with affection beat,
 The eyes which beam'd forth tender love!
 That heart though ceas'd, those orbs though set,
 Hope tells us that his [or her] soul above,
 Is blest, and only has one care—
 To have her [or his] spouse and children [or friends
 and parents] there.

What he was once—what he is now;
 How long he lived, and when he died,
 Is man's brief history below;
 'Tis all we know or hope beside.

THE TRANCE.

Plung'd in the depths of vice and folly, he
 Wallow'd in sin and inebriety;
 Health, wealth, respect, time, talents, peace, and ease
 He sacrificed, and risk'd far more than these;
 His soul stood on the verge of endless woe!
 The Lord open'd his eyes until he saw
 The fiery gulph—hell's bottomless abyss,
 And far above the zenith, realms of bliss;
 On one hand, far from hope and light's last rays—
 Writhing midst fire, and fiends, and brimstone blaze,
 Midst darkness visible; the horrid glare
 Shew'd wretches rack'd, tormented, tortur'd there—
 There anguish groan'd, pain shriek'd, and demons
 yell'd.
 His trembling soul then turn'd, and next beheld

Heaven's beatific realms, and all the blest
 Amidst eternal glory, joy, and rest.
 He saw these serious scenes, and then awoke
 To righteousness—releas'd from Satan's yoke.

ENIGMA.

What never was yet, nor ever will be,
 And yet it is always 'tis true;
 'Tis every where, though it is never to see,
 And yet it is present just now;
 Did the past ever know it?
 Will the future e'er shew it?
 And what is His name who inspires it?
 And when it is past, who requires it?*

HEAVEN OUR HOME.

"In my Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you . . . I am the way, the truth, and the life . . . These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven."

See John, c. 14, 15, 16, 17.

The heart is oft fixed—deep rooted in earth,
 Attach'd to the place of our fancy or birth,
 We came and we go, and for happiness roam,
 But no where 'tis found but in heaven our home.

CHORUS.—Home, blest home!

Our life-time is short and fleets hastily on,
 Scarce leaving a trace, our few years are soon gone;
 But midst all our sorrows, hope's life-giving balm
 Revives us to think upon heaven our home.

* See Ecclesiastes iii. 15.

When hungry and tired at some friend's we delay,
How sweet the refreshments and time while we stay ;
If moments are sweet in this world while we roam,
How blest to be always in heaven our home !

When Labour or Travel comes home, O 'tis sweet,
When parents and children, friends, husbands, wives,
 meet ;
Where discord, colds, heats, nights, or clouds, never
 gloom,
But each good, free from evil's in heaven our home.

Our course here admits no continuing place,
For heaven's the prize and our life-time's the race,
If lost, time sinks down into bottomless gloom,
Well spent, it flies up into heaven our home.

This world's rough and thorny, but time drags us
 through,
Sin makes it a chaos where nothing is new ;
Nought's new 'neath the sun, from the womb to the
 tomb,
Except a new heart has made heaven our home.

When old things are past and all vanity dies,
A charm draws the heart beyond sun-illumed skies,
For novelties here, then, it ceases to roam,
For all things are new up in heaven our home.

New glories still shining ineffably bright,
New songs, joys, and charms, fresh and pure as its
 light—

Eternally new in the blest world to come,
With God, saints, and angels, may heaven be our home.

Its waters and fruits immortality give,
There new uninebriate wine they receive ;
We all are invited, our Saviour says "Come,
There's room at the feast, come to heaven your home."

The odours of prayer, and sweet incense of praise,
Ascend round the throne of the Ancient of Days,
Unnumber'd saints, angels, and patriarchs sing—
Jehovah, our Saviour and spiritual King !

Within yon blue veil, Oh, what glories shine there !
The heart can't imagine, nor language declare ;
The bliss at the right hand of God for all whom
The merits of Christ bring to heaven their home.

Humility's children are greatest in heaven,
To those humblest here, highest seats there are given,
The weakest, through Christ, may the strongest be-
come,
All such have most honour in heaven our home.

But those who die sinners, how sad is their doom !
Depart ye, for ever shut out from a home ;
But God is well-pleas'd when poor prodigals come,
All heaven rejoices and welcomes them home.

Wealth, palaces, pleasures, ambition, wit, fame,
With time and its spheres, all shall end e'en in name ;

Then, named in the volume of life, may we come
To dwell with our Father in heaven our home.

When nature and all we admire ceases here,
New skies, a new earth without seas shall appear,
And Paradise sweeter than ever shall bloom
For ever and ever in heaven our home.

Let Christ's blest example be always your aim,
Still follow his footsteps and trust in his name;
For his precious blood and dear life was the sum
He laid down to purchase us heaven our home.

And now he's preparing us mansions above,
And bids us all live in peace, piety, love;
In the likeness of Christ may we rise from the tomb,
And, glorified, soar up to heaven our home!

To keep out of woe, and gain all things above,
Self-interest must not be our motive, but love;
The love of our Saviour our souls must inflame,
And bear us above into heaven our home.

Oh, God! bless us all; be our safe-guard and guide,
By sea and by land, and where'er we reside;
Each year bless the world till thy kingdom is come,
And then take us hence into heaven our home.

When the voyage of this life and its dangers are o'er,
To harbour in heaven may we land on its shore,
Our calling then turn'd into glory and praise,
For ever and ever to sing heavenly lays!

APPENDIX.

ON THE DISASTROUS SAILING OF THE PHOENIX.

The Phoenix, of Whitby, Capt. Mills, sailed from that Port on the 6th of April, 1837, for Davis' Straits; on leaving the Harbour, a heavy squall; accompanied with a snow shower, drove her on the rocks behind the East Pier; the crew and materials were all saved, and it was expected, when this piece went to press, that she would be got off.

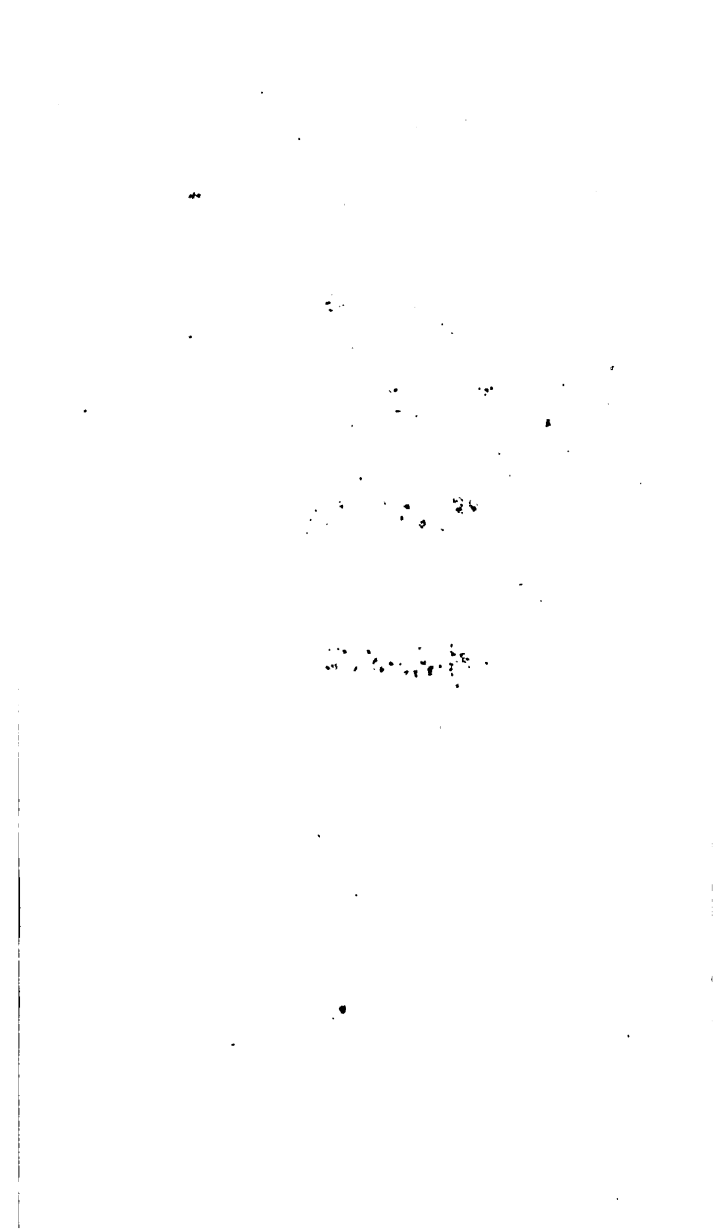
For Davis' Straits the Phoenix was unmoor'd,
The Streanshalh steamer tow'd her out to sea,
A sudden squall came on, the snow-flags shower'd—
She drove; in vain they put her hard-a-lee:
While, unavailing, nautic skill was tried,
She struck—with splintering keel and beating side;
Through parting planks and seams, rush'd in the urgent
tide.

Then hundreds hurried from the town to see her—
On board all in confusion, and on shore,
With anxious hearts, what crowds stood on each pier!
The famous ladder from the church they bore.
No lives were lost, thanks be to Him who saved;
Oft had she midst the crashing icebergs laved,
For twenty seasons she the frigid seas had braved—

Where dangers seem to make their chief resort,
She thence return'd home safe; and then at last
Was wreck'd close by the piers of her own port;
Beneath the cliff the stately ship was cast,
Which oft had braved the fierce Atlantic gales;
She roll'd with quivering masts and fluttering sails,
Like the famed bird we read of in poetic tales.

The Phoenix seem'd then making her own pyre,
Though to a different element exposed,
Yet whether 'tis by water or by fire,
Destruction is the same, however caused;
But from destruction—as the bird was feign'd—
To rise in glory, as again it reign'd;
As rose the singular bird, by its own wreck maintain'd,

And steer'd its course through the ethereal tide,
So may the Phoenix be renew'd again,
And at her helm may Providence preside,
And with prosperity insure her reign;
And may we on that Providence rely,
Who made and rules the sea, the land, and sky,
And wisely governs all from his bright throne on high.



**RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the**

**NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698**

**ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
2-month loans may be renewed by calling**

(415) 642-6753

**1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books
to NRLF**

**Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days
prior to due date**

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

APR 25 1991

THE AUTHOR

Endorses this opportunity of interspersing his notices, that he gives instructions in the

Method of Metrical Composition, Writing, on the Lesson System, Commercial and Mental Arithmetic, &c. &c.

The Art of Writing a good Current Hand with regularity, elegance, and ease, is taught to Pupils in a few Lessons on the System of the most celebrated Professors, in an extremely short space of Time. Particular attention paid to the various Styles of Writing, by which they are enabled to write an elegant and useful Running Hand.

Pen-Making, after the best Method. Short-Hand,

On a System remarkably concise, and easy to be explained.

Arithmetic and Mental Calculations,

After the most approved and recently improved Methods. By the former System, one of the first written upon the subject observed. The Student is enabled to make all the calculations necessary for every kind of business, frequently in a moment of the time, and by the latter, employed, being the most simple and easy System of Arithmetic that could be devised for the use of all schools and establishments, comprising every useful information of which the science of numbers is capable.

R. R. has had the opportunity of learning and comparing the Methods for Facilitating Writing which have been taught by some of the first Professors of Penmanship amongst whom was J. A. A. A. London, and during an intimate acquaintance with some of them, he has derived the advantages of their suggestions on Penmanship, &c. &c. that he possesses their combined facilities together with his own, in disseminating these sciences, and inducing rapidly of Penmanship and Calculations by the shortest time and expense possible. These systems have had the most decided approbation and highest patronage.

Exercises shall perfect, trade be true,
Briefly and grace inform each one,
Write with facility and speed,
Whilst each one is made short indeed.

The Terms and other particulars may be had upon application.